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"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

ADDRESS BY DR. JAMES L. SMITH OF FARIBAULT, MINN.

Delivered before the Silentium Society, Omaha, Neb., May 20, 1911

"God has not designed man to stand alone. He has surrounded him with a network of obligations and relationships. Total independence is impossible in a world where all human beings exist by a dependence upon each other."

HE human race is a vast brotherhood. Whether we accept the Biblical version of the origin of man or the Darwinian theory of evolution, or assume the non-committal attitude of the agnostic, matters not. The fact of brotherhood remains, whatever may have been the origin of mankind. Anthropology, philology, physiology, and numerous other "ologies" prove it. No matter what changes have been wrought by climate and environment and civilization in the condition and outward appearance of varying races of men; no matter how they differ in language, customs, and other respects, there are indications all sufficient to prove a common origin. Language roots, habits and customs, and traditions, among widely separated peoples prove that they came from one parent stock. And the same principles of right and wrong lie at the foundation of the ethics of all races. The same passions, the same desires, the same instincts exist in all men, crude and undeveloped in some; cultivated and refined in others.

The proposition that mankind is a brotherhood receives further support when we observe the tendency of Nature in the case of other living organisms. Plants are grouped in families according to certain characteristics. No matter how divergent certain species may be, the scientist can always recognize the family by these characteristics. The same law holds among the beasts. Nature is essentially gregarious in her tendencies. Not only are plants and animals created in groups, but they are usually located in groups. The old saying that "birds of a feather flock together" has its origin in a self-evident truth, and it is as true of the flower, the weed, the beast, the fish, the insect, as of the bird.

Thus nature, in all her works, indicates that mankind is a brotherhood. It is true that the persecution, the oppression, the wars and blood-shed, in short, "man's inhumanity to man," that has prevailed among the races from time immemorial, and that still prevail too much, though in a less degree, give little token of the brotherhood of man. But the wars of races and nations are but family quarrels on a larger scale. Brothers and sisters of one family will disagree, dispute, quarrel, and even fight. Yet underneath all this surface hostility there is a brotherhood tie that needs but a common interest or common danger to make itself felt.

And so it is among races and nations. In spite of the vast array of military prepara-

tions, the millions of armed men, the destructive Dreadnaughts, the frontiers bristling with bayonets, there is an undercurrent of feeling running from nation to nation, from race to race. An event of world-wide interest will

Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame.—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim."

There are times and occasions when the spirit of human brotherhood rises to the verge of the sublime. Who can recall without a thrill the story of the Samoan disaster that brought woe to three nations? The United States ship "Trenton" was wrecked, and all on board were facing death that was only a question of a few moments. Just then the English ship "Calliope" passed the "Trenton," successfully fighting its way out of the harbor to safety in the teeth of the hurricane. Those American sailors, with Death already stretching forth his hand to grasp them, showed the spirit of the old Roman gladiators who hailed the Emperor with the words, "About to die, we salute you," for they cheered their more fortunate brothers on the English ship as they passed.

"Then we climbed aloft to cheer her as she passed
Through the tempest and the blackness and the foam:

'Now, God speed you, though the shout should be our last,
Through the channel where the maddened breakers comb
Through the wild sea's hill and hollow,
On the path we cannot follow,
To your women and your children and your home!

* * * * *
"By the will of that stern chorus,
By the motherland that bore us,
Judge if we do not love each other well."

In our day there are many indications pointing to a growing recognition of the brotherhood of man. The Red Cross Society is one; the Salvation Army is another; the Hague Tribunal and the move toward universal peace is another; and the numerous international meetings in the interests of science, medicine, education, etc., are others.

All mankind form a universal brotherhood. But as there may be circles within a circle, so there are lesser brotherhoods within and forming a component part of the greater one. There is the brotherhood of race, which is answerable for radical antagonism and warfare. There is the brotherhood of the nation, which is the base of international jealousies and conflict. There is the brotherhood of the state in our own Union, which gives rise to the doctrine of state rights, and which once came perilously near disrupting our country. There is the brotherhood of the community, which causes antagonisms between the city and the country, or between city and city, as for instance that between Chicago and St.



DR. JAMES L. SMITH
Who Delivered the Address.

call forth a wide-world response. Let a great disaster befall a part of the human race in one quarter of the world, and sympathy and help pour thither from the other quarters. A famine in India or a flood in China opens the hearts and purses of people in all lands. An eruption of Mount Pelee or an earthquake at Messina sends a thrill of horror and sympathy around the world. While the flames were still blazing, over ruined San Francisco, relief trains had been set in motion all over the country to rush needed supplies to the stricken people. The great heart of humanity responds to the call of distress or to the thrill of a noble deed. When the allied armies were fighting their way to the relief of the endangered foreign population in Pekin, all the world awaited with bated breath the result. And when the glad news of success and deliverance was telegraphed to the world, how universal was the rejoicing. It is in moments like that that the brotherhood of man shows at its best. When Stanley found Livingstone, the civilized world rejoiced. When Booth shot Lincoln, the civilized world mourned.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame

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Louis or between Minneapolis and St. Paul, or between Omaha and Council Bluffs. And so we can go on in ever diminishing circles of lesser and lesser brotherhoods until we come to the family, which is the ultimate foundation of all brotherhood.

And thus I arrive in a rather roundabout way at that part of my remarks which I wish to emphasize most of all, and which is the main excuse for my presence among you this evening.—The Brotherhood of the Deaf.

There is no stronger bond of brotherhood than the sympathy evoked by a common joy or a common misfortune. There is in all a deeply-rooted instinct to share our joys and our troubles with others. A great happiness is not perfect unless there is some one else to whom we can impart it and to whom we can look to partake of our rejoicing. A great trouble is doubly hard to bear if we have to endure it in silence and alone. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is none the less true that joy is multiplied by division while misfortune is diminished. Joy, as well as misery, "loves company." The impulse which leads us to unload our troubles upon our friends is selfish; it is true, but thoroughly human. The child falls and bumps its head and runs to mother crying. Mother kisses the bump, says a few comforting words, and in a moment smiles chase away the tears. Not that there is any sovereign remedy in mother's kiss for childhood's many little aches and pains, but the assurance of mother's love and sympathy eases the pain. And so it is with us children of a larger growth. If we can unload part of our burden of trouble upon other shoulders we feel by so much lightened ourselves. Or if we share a misfortune in common with others, it does not seem hard to bear. There is no loneliness so utter, no isolation so complete, as that of one who is alone in misfortune, with no fellow-being near to understand and sympathize. The condition of such a one is comparable to that of the sailor in the "Ancient Mariner," with

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

The brotherhood of the deaf is a brotherhood of misfortune. Deafness is a misfortune, let us say what we will. It can be, as in our cases, greatly alleviated by education and environment. But a misfortune it is, and a misfortune it will remain to the end of time. This misfortune is the cement that binds together the brotherhood of the deaf. The deaf have been called "clannish" as a term of reproach. But the spirit underlying the origin of the word has nothing of reproach in it. The clan was a brotherhood of relationship that stood against wrong and oppression. The members of the clan were ever ready to defend themselves and their brother members against every foe. The spirit of clannishness is the spirit that leads men to stand shoulder to shoulder against some common danger or common wrong, or in defense of some great principle. It may be prostituted to base uses, but so may many other principles, great and noble in themselves.

Why should not the deaf be clannish? They have every reason to be so. They are but following the call of nature. It is not the deaf alone who show the clannish tendency. We see evidence of the same tendency all around us among people who are not deaf. In our large cities we have the Irish quarter, the German quarter, the Italian quarter, the Ghetto, the Chinatown. And even in the country districts the "clannish" tendency is shown by the disposition of foreign immigrants to establish themselves in colonies. Furthermore, professional men, as doctors and lawyers, incline to congregate in the same or adjacent buildings. And in business every city has its wholesale

quarter, its retail quarter, its manufacturing center. Clannishness is universal among mankind, wherever common interests draw men together.

Is it clannish for the deaf to be drawn together by their common misfortune? Then are we clannish. Is it clannish for the deaf to love and cling to the sign-language? Then are we clannish. Is it clannish for the deaf to enjoy meeting together socially, to form associations for common benefit? Then are we clannish.

There are weighty reasons why the deaf should heed the call of brotherhood and get together and stand together. Their rights are threatened and their welfare menaced by irrational enthusiasts who work upon public opinion by questionable means. The law recently passed by the Legislature of Nebraska is a case in point. I look upon the passage of that law as a marked instance of injustice. No class of people who had the strength of numbers would permit themselves to be treated by their legislature as the deaf people of Nebraska were treated. What does the average legislator know about the deaf and their education? Nothing! Did the legislators of Nebraska consider the question fairly and judicially? Did they try to inform themselves where they were ignorant? Did they call upon the people most interested, the people who alone could testify truly on the basis of experience—the deaf—to give their evidence? Not at all. The legislative committees listened to the arguments of a few persons who wished to change the policy of the School for the Deaf. The legislature listened to the committees, and the bill went through with a rush.

This is not the only instance of its kind to which we can point. Often and often have the weightiest matters relating to the education and welfare of the deaf been determined without giving them a chance to be heard. The finely spun theories of people who have had no real association with the deaf carry more weight than the testimony of the deaf themselves who have experienced the effects of this or that method. People will assail and condemn the sign-language who do not know or understand one sign from another, and, what is worse, the gullible public will accept what they say rather than the testimony of the deaf who know. There is an absurdity almost laughable in the whole thing. Can you imagine any body of intelligent people giving heed and credence to an attack on the Latin language by a man who knew not a word of it?

In all other affairs of the world, expert opinion is what is sought for and what carries weight. When Congress is wrestling with the tariff schedules, experts in wool, lumber, steel, sugar, etc., are summoned and examined as the various questions come up. When the law is seeking for the truth, it calls for those who are supposed to know the truth. When the question is one of medical science, a blacksmith is not called to give his opinion. When it is a case of forgery, a street sweeper is not summoned to tell what he knows about handwriting.

It does seem as if it is only in the case of the deaf and their education and welfare that the principle of taking testimony from those best fitted to give it is lost sight of. The deaf are not called upon for their testimony as to facts relating to their education and welfare. They are shoved aside, indicted, tried, and condemned without a chance to be heard in their own cause.

I wish to say right here that the people who do these things are good people, earnest people, well-meaning people. Their motives are all right. But unfortunately, human motives are often lead into error as into right. As much harm is done by well-meaning people as

by ill-meaning people. The well-meaning fool commits blunders. Him we can pity and excuse. But the well-meaning theorist and reformer often commits crimes. Those people who would establish oralism as the sole method for the education of the deaf, who would kill and bury the sign-language, who would isolate the deaf among the hearing and prevent their association with one another,—these people undoubtedly mean well. So did the old lady of the fable who bought a negro slave, and thinking that his color was due to the neglect of former masters, had him scrubbed and scrubbed until he caught his death of cold. So did the judges and clergy of New England mean well when they succumbed to the witchcraft frenzy and imprisoned and hanged many unfortunate persons, thereby placing a blot upon the pages of our history that time cannot remove. So have many other people, the world over, in all ages, meant well when they have ravaged with fire and sword to compel other people to their way of thinking.

It is right for men to think for themselves, to form their own opinions on others by superior might, then is the way opened for untold wrong and oppression. Intolerance is the greatest source of woe and wrong in the world. It has caused more war and bloodshed than all other causes combined. Millions of innocent people have been burned, hanged, massacred because they refused to accept the opinions of those who were stronger than they. The pages of history are stained with the blood of martyrs to intolerance. Intolerance still exists among us, though, thank God! the auto da fe, the rack, the wheel, and the gibbet are not permitted. But intolerance still accomplishes its aim by other means, and not infrequently by "due process of law" as in Nebraska recently.

The attempt of many people to force oralism upon the deaf of this country and to do away with the sign-language against their will, is a species of intolerance. Personally I am in favor of oral teaching as a part of the broadest and best scheme of educating the deaf. I believe that every child should have a fair opportunity to profit by speech and lip-reading. Every deaf child has a right to learn the sign-language if it wishes. But when the extreme advocates of oralism claim everything for their method and grant nothing, then is it time to call a halt. Then is it time for the deaf to stand together and fight for their rights.

It is a hard fight that is before us, for the reason that our enemies do not fight fair. Fraud, misrepresentation, exaggeration, undue influence are used to gain their ends. Who can say that the oralists gained their case in the Nebraska Legislature by an honest and open fight? We all know it was not so. It seems strange that men and women of education and refinement should lend themselves to deceit, tacitly, if not actively. It is, and always has been, a common thing for "semi-mutes" to be put forward on the platform at public exhibitions and allowed to "speak a piece." They do it well; the public are amazed at the results of oral teaching, and begin to clamor that it be made universal. If this is not a fraud, what is it? The Associated Press gives out a statement that deaf people make it a practice to go to theatres and read the lips of actors. This is copied all over the country and goes further toward deceiving the too gullible public. The deaf protest against it as false. But do their protests get into the Associated Press? Not much! Do leading oralists, men and women of character and standing, take the trouble to deny such falsehoods? They do not. A certain person advertises an oral school for young children, promising to take the children, and in a marvellously short time, fit them to enter public

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MR. AND MRS. GEORGE T. SANDERS

FTER considerable persuasion, my friends induced me to think that a simple account of the methods which I employed in educating my two deaf daughters would serve as an interesting and helpful object lesson to mothers and teachers.

Let me begin on the day when my first born, Dorothy Bell, at the age of eight months, began to fail to respond instantly to my call. So accustomed was I to the fact that most children of deaf parents are possessed of the sense of hearing, and so engrossed was I in the joy and duties of motherhood, that the discovery that my own little baby was gradually losing her hearing was a profound shock.

But my naturally philosophical disposition soon gained the ascendancy. I was deaf, I knew all about the handicaps and compensations of deafness, so that the bond between my baby and me was far stronger than it can ever be in the case of a hearing mother and her deaf child. In a flash my life work lay visible before me and I instinctively began to follow the lines upon which I, myself, had been educated.

As my hearing did not begin to fail until after I had acquired speech and language, and as I never became totally deaf, my voice and speech remained quite natural and my mother acted more wisely than she knew in sending me to public schools instead of to a school for the deaf. Feeling that if I could have attended school with hearing children with success, my children ought to do the same, I sent them to kindergartens at the very early age of three and, handicapped as they were at the outset with apparently complete deafness, their success today is infinitely more to their credit than mine was to me.

Ordinarily, when a child gradually loses hearing, the transition from *hearing* speech to *seeing* it is easy; so in the case of my children, who gradually became very good speech-readers, so that their education proceeded without a halt, though in slower degree, word by word, sentence by sentence. On her first birthday, Dorothy greeted her father with "Papa," which was soon followed by "baby," "Mama," "dolly," "ball," until on her second birthday, there were over twenty-five verbs and nouns to her credit, besides a few sentences such as "Mama, want waker," "Moah pato." I am quite sure that Dorothy retained some memory of speech as she heard it during the period before her hearing failed, but am doubtful about Margaret.

Margaret came and she, at seven months, gradually became deaf. So there were two deaf babies to educate.

It may seem incredible that, though I had grown up in an atmosphere of signs* and was an expert sign-maker, it never occurred to me to use signs to my children, or even to gesticulate. Proceeding upon the assumption

*Mrs. Sanders' parents were deaf-mutes and they had been educated through the sign-language.—*Editor Review.*

How My Children Were Educated

By MRS. LUCY M. SANDERS

Reprinted from the Association Review

(Illustrations by F. A. Price, Mt. Airy, Phila.)



DOROTHY AND MARGARET SANDERS

that the children could hear, I treated them precisely as I would any hearing child, so that the means of communication, absolutely oral, became habitual and the children developed into interesting and very amusing chatterboxes which they are to this day.

How did I teach speech? I followed no defined system of teaching, simply taking words and sentences as they occurred in ordinary daily intercourse, repeating frequently and insisting that each child try to copy me carefully, and I had sufficient hearing to be able to judge if the words were pronounced correctly. The babies early recognized my sympathy, ambition, and persistency, and responded as flowers to the sun and gentle rain.

Certain painful, though not personal, experiences, ever clear in my memory, served to teach me to avoid the mistaken practice so prevalent among parents and teachers, of correcting a deaf child's mistakes *on the spot* and of slapping the poor little unconsciously gesticulating hands. Such a course tends to check spontaneous expression on the part of the child. My children would come rushing to me, in their excitement their words sometimes hopelessly mixed and telescoped, and their little hands flying, but they had told Mother and Mother understood—at first, but gradually Mother pretended not to understand if they talked so rapidly, and the children learned to use more care and to submit to having their hands quietly subdued. Later in the day, when they were quiet and more amenable to corrective influences, each mistake was taken up and the correct way impressed upon their memories. When the carelessness was repeated too frequently, a slight



THE SANDERS' RESIDENCE IN MT. AIRY, PHILA.

uplifting of the eyebrows proved effective. One can readily understand how much public embarrassment was spared to both mother and child by the use of this unobtrusive signal. A blackboard proved to be an invaluable friend. By it I taught writing; and the wrong and right sound of a word, in plain view day after day, could not fail of effect.

Desirous that Dorothy and Margaret should avoid the expression of fixed concentration when reading the speech of others so common among the deaf, it was my practice to move my head freely, turning from one side to the other as one does with hearing people, so that now the girls can read lips from the side very well, the degree of success depending upon the speaker and the subjects discussed.

The girls spent some years in one small school, later entering a school of girls numbering over one hundred pupils, but at present they are in another private school where they can have more individual attention and can be prepared for Bryn Mawr. Dorothy is now sixteen years old and Margaret fourteen.

Dorothy's studies consist of Latin, German, French (3d year), English Literature, History of the United States, and Rhetoric. Margaret studies Literature, Arithmetic, Spelling, and Geography.

That their progress at school should at first have been tediously slow was to be expected, but as the girls grasped the idea of expression they improved rapidly, and were soon holding their own in recitations, in time forging ahead in purity of diction.

With two watchful little minds and two voices closely following and mimicking my every utterance, I early saw the wisdom and necessity of choosing my words carefully and of speaking distinctly, all of which was advantageous to myself. The result is unexpectedly gratifying—the girls have an exceptionally good and fluent command of English which is unusual in the average school girl of today. Their choice of subjects to discuss is wide; their letters are charming and a delight to all. At the outset I entertained no roseate or mistaken hopes for the future—my concern was in the present—my sole aim to make my babies normal.

So much for the days of infancy and early childhood. The time came when, unable to hear certain sounds and therefore unable to teach them, I called in the aid of expert speech-teachers, some of whom came to live with me at various periods. Both Dorothy and Margaret found *ch*, *ck*, *j*, *q*, *c*, *s*, and final *t* and *d* the most difficult to acquire, though in Margaret's case part of the trouble was doubtless due to the untimely loss of a front tooth. Dorothy's sibilants are still sometimes defective, and Margaret has not yet overcome the tendency of nasality or of dropping final consonants. Margaret being much more infantile, restless, and independent, did not at first respond readily to her teacher's efforts to improve her speech, until I explained the very great importance of being understood by the people of the new school

Never mouth when speaking to a deaf child. A child who is used to strenuous motions of the lips becomes confused when meeting strangers whose lip-motions are small and rapid, thereby gaining an undeserved reputation for stupidity or slowness. I know whereof I speak. Be natural, and the child will be natural too; children are born mimics, as I oftentimes learned to my own comic despair for I made occasional mistakes.

When each girl reached the age of five or six she gave signs of returning hearing, and here again my own experience became of inestimable value in my work. Remembering how patiently my sister, Miss Swett, had cultivated what hearing I possessed, I began to train my girls' hearing with as much assiduity as I had cultivated their speech, and, in course of time—such happy days they were—we three partially deaf people, with heads close together, were able to carry on a natural conversation in ordinary tones about Jack's Wonderful House, The Piggies Five, and to joke and laugh wholly by ear, regardless of daylight or darkness, though I purposely chose the intimate hour of bedtime after the light was out.

One incident is graven upon my heart: I had been away all day, returning home after the children's bedtime. Listening at the door of their chamber and knowing by their chattering that the girls were in one bed, I slipped in between them and holding a little head upon each shoulder I began:

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

My heart seemed full to overflowing and happiness when the little girls promptly joined in the rest of the verse:

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home."

What more could I ask? I am convinced that this quiet hour daily went further in its influence than hours of systematic teaching in a class-room could have done, and I firmly believe that, given average intelligence, consistent discipline, patience and persistency, singleness of purpose and sufficient means, the best place for a young deaf child is at its mother's knee, and later in a small private school.

Dorothy's hearing has improved to such an extent that she can carry on a conversation by ear, and her voice and speech are very natural. Margaret's speech is less distinct because she is much more deaf and depends almost wholly upon speech-reading, but as she is entirely natural, and has comparatively little difficulty in conversing with strangers, I am only deeply grateful. I have a theory that for such as Margaret at this age, a voice-culturist and elocutionist can be of the best assistance. A teacher of the deaf unconsciously adopts mannerisms of the mouth and face, and finds it difficult to forget that her pupil is deaf. Whether or not my theory is correct remains to be proven by Margaret herself.

Some people maintain that the orally taught child is repressed, restricted, and saddened, but my children's life would refute their assertion. Dorothy and Margaret always were and still are veritable "sunshine factories."

From the first I kept a generous supply of books, encouraging reading by setting the ex-

Deaf Women

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis.

(Photographed for the Silent Worker.)

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, of 5000 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, is a notable example of how much the totally deaf, but determined, can accomplish.

So modest is she of herself and her work that



MISS GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

she has constantly refused notices for publication. The SILENT WORKER with its beautiful typographical appearance and the thought that it circulated among those afflicted like herself, appealed to her, so she consented to be photographed for it in a characteristic pose. Her writing, which of late years, absorbs all of her time, is done on a pad resting, either on the arm of a chair, or, woman-like, in her lap.

Miss Curtis might be termed a genuine

ample myself, early procuring library cards, and each girl has read as many—possibly more—books as any girl of her age.

"Oh, but yours were exceptional children." Maybe so, but it does not alter the fact that a deaf woman made an ambitious effort to educate her deaf children herself, choosing the Oral method as being the most natural, though she is biased in favor of no particular method, and believes that the method should fit the child, not the child the method.

An ultra-oralist once anxiously inquired if I intended to teach my children to use signs. My answer was: "No, I shall not. The girls will learn themselves and I shall make no effort to prevent it." But strange it is, even to me, it was not until the girls were five and seven years old respectively that they noticed that *all* people do not speak, and they learned the manual alphabet and used signs in a fair way. With speech, the manual alphabet, a fair command of the sign-language, and with a degree of French and German which they may acquire at school, they will be, like their parents, well equipped for almost any situation.

Amsterdam in 1673, while a later ancestor was Peter Van de Water, keeper of the City Gate, foot of Wall Street, New York, in the eighteenth century. Her grandfather was the famous actor, artist and litterateur, "Thomas Hillson" of the old Park Theatre, who was an intimate friend of Washington Irving, Junius Brutus Booth and the elder Wallack. Her uncle was the delightful George William Curtis, author and for so many years the powerful editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Miss Curtis was born in New York city and educated by a private tutor. Showing a strong talent for art she studied at the Cooper Art School, though her literary work found for itself the greatest field. She has been a contributor to the *Pilgrim*, *Harper's Young People* and *Harper's Weekly*, *Ave Maria*, the *Catholic World*, the *Messenger*, the *Magnificat*, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *Donahoe's*, the *Rosary* and other publications.

After entering the Catholic Church she described the path she followed, and, gathering together in one volume the personal accounts of other wanderers like herself who returned to the faith of their ancestors, she called the work, "Some Roads to Rome," which was commended most highly by critics everywhere.

A copy of the "English Catholic Who's Who," edited by Sir Edward Burand, the old editor of *London Punch*, fell into her hands and suggested a similar work in this country. "To show," she says, "what Catholics have done and are doing to add to the prestige, dignity, and power of their Church and Country."

Here was an undertaking that proved the force and strength of character Miss Curtis possesses. She met with difficulties, obstacles, and discouragements at every step. Largely because her people thought they saw only in the work a sop to pride, vanity and wordliness. By perseverance and exceedingly hard work, continued for twenty-one months, the "American Catholic Who's Who" has just appeared.

Some idea of the magnitude of her last work may be had when it is known that she began by selecting 8,000 names to whom she sent several appeals for brief biographies of themselves. These replies had to be sifted and rewritten and the proofs read and revised for a book of 710 pages and containing about 400,000 words.

True it is that "Where there's a will there's a way," and the life of Miss Curtis is a splendid illustration of it.

S. H. HORGAN.

At no time was there any attempt toward sequestration from the society of the deaf. To have so sequestered them were inconsistent and insincere. The girls' inclination was always to seek those who could hear, which was encouraged as it should always be.

And what part has their father* borne in all these years of training? The early principles instilled by his parents and by his first teacher, Dr. A. G. Bell, have clung to him all his life. He has had faith in my judgment, has aided me with suggestions gained from his own experience, and has given me his hearty co-operation. We have labored together in perfect accord.

I must not fail to give Dorothy a share of praise. From the day when she tiptoed softly into the darkened chamber to welcome her little sister, she has been a shining example of what an elder sister should be. She has seemed to follow closely in the footsteps of my dearly beloved sister. I can say no more.

*Mr. Sanders is congenitally and totally deaf, but he speaks and reads the lips.—Editor Review.

THE DEAF AND BLIND IN KOREA



Mr. Yi, Teaching Deaf-Mutes, Pyeng Yang, Korea

Pongnai O, Korea's First Blind Pupil

An Animated Conversation at Pyeng Yang School

NEAR away in heathen lands one of the trials of the Christian missionary is to realize his limitations in meeting and relieving not only the spiritual, mental and moral dearth, but the physical defects and distress that press and depress upon every side.

The condition both of the blind and of deaf-mutes in Korea is truly pitiable: the latter are considered imbeciles, while the former are never taught anything useful, but become fortune-tellers or vile sorcerers if their parents are well enough to do to have them thus trained; otherwise they are often neglected—half fed and clothed, kept in some dark corner, and in some instances when found have been sitting on the floor until unable to walk, but when placed in the hospital under proper treatment became able to go about as others. Others were about to be disposed of with a dose of opium when rescued and are now happy, contented school children.

There are several thousand deaf-mutes in Korea for whom the mysteries of life are fought with the animal instincts only; they have souls, but do not know it; they live in a perpetual silence which the voice of no regular evangelist can ever penetrate.

And for the thousands of blind, who walk in real physical darkness amidst the mental and spiritual darkness of Korea, *even more than for the seeing*, Christian education is the only help and the only hope.

My interest was not again stirred in the subject until I took up medical missionary work in Korea, when my heart was often touched by so many coming to the dispensary with eyes already sightless, and too often "hopeless" had to be written in the record book, and I knew too well it meant not only hopeless as far as the little patient's eyes were concerned, but hopeless for their whole mental and moral condition. Sometimes the mother, having heard of somebody's eyes having been healed by the foreign doctor, had traveled many weary miles with her blind child tied to her back, and the way she would prostrate herself in her Oriental way before me, beseeching me to "give sight" was heartrending. I longed to do something for these sightless ones, but my hands seemed so full, and then in those pioneer days of the work in Korea some thought the heathen would not understand what we wanted to do with blind children, and that after they

*By Rosetta Sherwood Hall, M.D.
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had been with us awhile or in time of riot they might point to them as proof of the false tale sometimes rehearsed about doctors' taking out children's eyes to make medicine.

In the spring of 1894, when baby Sherwood and I accompanied Dr. W. J. Hall for the first time to the city of Pyeng Yang, we found there a little blind girl, the eldest born to Mr. O., the first Christian convert there, and I thought, "Here's my chance to begin; her father is a Christian, and will not misinterpret my motive." So I set about contriving a way to prick Korean oiled paper with a needle to teach little Pongnai. But we were early recalled from our work in Pyeng Yang because of the Chino-Japanese War, and before I could return, my husband died of typhoid fever contracted at the seat of the war, and I left for the United States with my son Sherwood.

But I did not forget blind Pongnai. While in America I had a talk with Superintendent Wait, of the Institute for the Blind in New York, about his system, and received much valuable help from him. Upon the return of myself and children to Korea, in the fall of 1897, I at once set about adapting the "New York Point" system to Korean, after having compared it with other systems in vogue and being satisfied it answered best the tests of correspondence and utility. By using spare moments and as a recreation from my medical work, I had succeeded by spring in transcribing the Korean alphabet, syllabary, Mrs. Jones' primer and the Ten Commandments. A little later, upon taking my work up again in Pyeng Yang, I began teaching Pongnai. It was slow and tedious work at first, press of other duties often preventing the necessary time being given to it, but little by little Pongnai mastered the alphabet and the syllabary, and then it was plain sailing. In one year she could read readily all I had been able to prepare, and she learned to write in point and to make her own lessons from dictation. I also taught Pongnai to knit; and patients, seeing her industrious and happy, would ask if other blind girls they knew might join her. And when our Pyeng Yang Girls' School was built, Mrs. DeWitt Clocke, of New York city,

whose blind brother makes her kin to all blind, gave sufficient to build a class-room for blind girls, and has ever since contributed to the support of some of the girls. Much credit is also due the Hancock and Middletown auxiliaries of my own district (Newburg), who supplied what help was needed for Pongnai all through her years of training, and now raise her salary as a teacher for the new blind pupils.

During its first decade our work for the blind was limited both for lack of funds and of time and good help; yet ten blind girls benefited by its training; their souls were saved and in almost every case they proved the means of bringing salvation to their families; thus instead of deepening the darkness about them with the sorcery of the heathen blind, the Christian blind are a means of enlightenment to others. This is the object of our educational work for the blind or deaf: to make them intelligent, happy, useful members of Christian home circles. Out of the work also during its first decade have grown Miss Perry's class for blind boys in Seoul, and Mrs. Moffett's in Pyeng Yang.

Once when I had Pauline Yi, the second blind girl, to enter the school (no relation to Pastor Yi—Yi, Kim, Pok, and O all being common surnames in Korea) with me in Seoul, Hon. Yun Che Oh of the National Educational Bureau invited us with Mr. Rockwell to his home to meet the acting minister of education and members of this board, together with other prominent Seoul men. Pauline gave before them a demonstration of our methods; reading both Korean and English, letter writing, arithmetic, geography and knitting; she also sang some Korean national songs and Christian hymns, accompanying them upon the organ. You should have seen how amazed those grave Korean gentlemen were. Dignified officials with gold or jade buttons would sit beside Pauline upon the floor better to examine what she was doing. After the gentlemen went out their wives came in, and were also so deeply interested we could scarcely get away.

Another time in Pyeng Yang we arranged a programme to be executed by the blind girl, inviting Bishop Harris and Dr. Jones, both of whom are cordial friends to this work; also the Korean governor, Mr. An Chang Ho, and

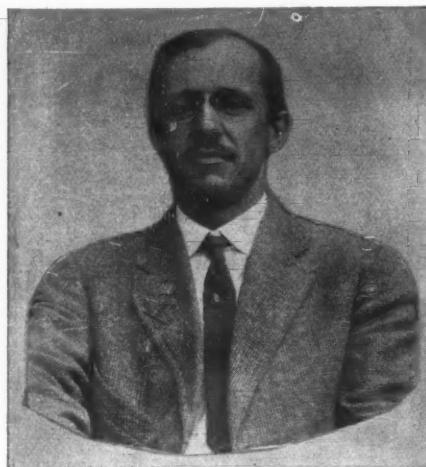
(Continued on page 201.)

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A Brilliant Banquet in the Mid - West

By J. H. McFarlane

THE Nineteenth of the Merry month of May was the Great Feast Day of the Mid-West Branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association. It was the occasion of the Ninth Annual Banquet of the Branch, which



WALDO H. ROTHERT
President

was held at the Rome Hotel, Omaha, and the way the Old Guard rallied around the scene of the festivities created ripples of sensation in the local press. The noteworthy assemblage, about forty guests in all, shed new lustre from afar on the endeared name of Gallaudet.

The Governor of the State that had the honor of entertaining the banqueters was unable to be present, but was well represented by his right-hand friend, Judge Wharton, who proved to be a "good mixer," falling as gracefully into the line on the Programme as if he had graduated at Kendall Green. Speaking for his Chief, he happily remarked: "I'll tell you what I'd do if I were governor; first, I'd re-appoint Superintendent Stewart of the Nebraska School, next I'd retain every one of the teachers out there." (enthusiastic applause). As a parting shot the judge reminded the gay couples gathered about the table that if any one of them ever needed their love affairs patched up, they should come to him.

The Toastmaster, President Waldo H. Rothert, in free and breezy style, typical of the Middle West, brought music out of his respondents with all the skill of a bandmaster, causing such a flow of wit and soul as rivalled the sumptuous Menu that had preceded. Bringing on the "Feast of Mind" the toastmaster struck the right chord as follows:

Again we have come together in this our Ninth Banquet as representatives in the Middle West of dear Gallaudet College. I greet you one and all in a sincere good fellowship and with all assurance of honest friendships. May the hours spent here this evening awaken the memories of our individual connection with Gallaudet College and may this gathering serve to stimulate our love for the dear old School. I am sure the feast set before you will be to your liking and the responses to the toasts offered contribute to your pleasure. "Here's to the cup that's stowed to the brim; we drink his health unto you."

The toastmaster then announced first toast on the programme to "The Founders of Our Alma Mater," which was fittingly responded to by the oldest member of the Branch, Mr. F. C. Holloway, '78, who spoke in the following buoyant strain:

Gallaudet, what pleasing and inspiring recollections come up and pass in review when we think of that man! It appeared first that it would be hard to find any thing new to say about him, but when one thinks of him he becomes an inspiration that makes it easy to do so. I regard him as one of the "Great Elects." Like Noah, Father Abraham, Moses, Columbus, Luther, Washington, the elder Gallaudet and Lincoln. You all know the mission to which each was called and how he performed it. But to-night it is my business to speak of "Gallaudet the Younger."

Way back in the fifties a young man, or rather a beardless boy left the cradle of deaf-mute education in America and started out on a great mission. His path led him to Washington, which he reached all right, and when he got there he felt that it was his destination. There he stopped and glued himself down where he has remained to this day.

His real object was to found an institution for the higher education of the deaf in spite of discouragements. He looked around and found a small house on the south-east corner of a 100-acre tract known as Kendall Green. Like the Arab's camel, he was out and wanted to get in and was determined to

cher one superintendent in his letter told me he had no vacancy, for, he added, "teachers of the deaf seldom die and never resign." Perhaps that explains why teachers make such good life insurance risks, but anyhow it is quite true that there are comparatively few changes in our profession except in those states that are still overburdened with political influence and whose institutions are among the spoils of election. In this respect Texas is a by-word of scorn; unfortunately Nebraska also shares the misfortune of being in this class, and the recent legislation enacted by its legislature will bring about a most unfortunate change and if this be followed by a change in the administration it will be a blow to this school from which it will take a long time to recover.

It reminds me of Lincoln's story to a group of office seekers. As usual a number of politicians had gathered in his outer office and awaited opportunity to present their requests. Presently Lincoln came out.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can not give you all an office but I can tell you a story."

"There once lived a king who kept in his official family several very learned men—astrologers they were called. One day wishing to go out hunting with a party of guests he asked his learned men if it was going to rain. After careful consideration they assured him it would not likely do so.

"The king and his party started out; while riding thru the woods they met an old woodsman with a donkey and cart. As the king rode up the old man ventured to warn him to turn back as it would likely rain before night.

"No, no," laughed the king. "My wise men assured me that it will not rain."

"But it surely will," insisted the woodsman.

"How do you know?" asked the king.

"Because," said he, "when it is sure to rain my donkey carries his ears drawn back; but when the weather promises fair he carries them so, bent forward."

"The king laughed and rode on. In the afternoon a violent thunder storm came up and the royal party received a good wetting.

"On his return home he sent for the wise men, gave orders for their execution and immediately bought the woodsman's donkey and installed him in state at the palace as the royal weather prognosticator.

"Well!" asked the office seekers, "Was the appointment a good one?"

"No," replied Lincoln, slowly; "for after that every donkey in the kingdom wanted an office."

But changes are not so unfortunate and it is



MRS. E. F. LONG
Vice-President

get in. See the result. He crowded in and in doing so he crowded everything else out and took possession with his pet schemes."

The speaker then traced the marvelous success of the "founder of our Alma Mater," over seemingly insurmountable obstacles, including the hostility of congressmen like the famous Ben Butler, and finally paid a handsome tribute to his worthy subject thus:

Dr. Gallaudet has just recently, May 10, severed his connection with the work of the College. He may be older, weaker physically, but in heart he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Our prayer is that he may be spared to us till 1914, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College, and that he may partake in good measure of the age of Methuselah."

Toastmaster Rothert next introduced a toast to "the man on whom the mantle of Dr. Gallaudet had fallen," President Percival Hall, which was responded to by Mr. J. Schuyler Long, '89.

Referring to "the Change," Mr. Long voiced the statement of the entire Branch in his happiest reminiscent vein:

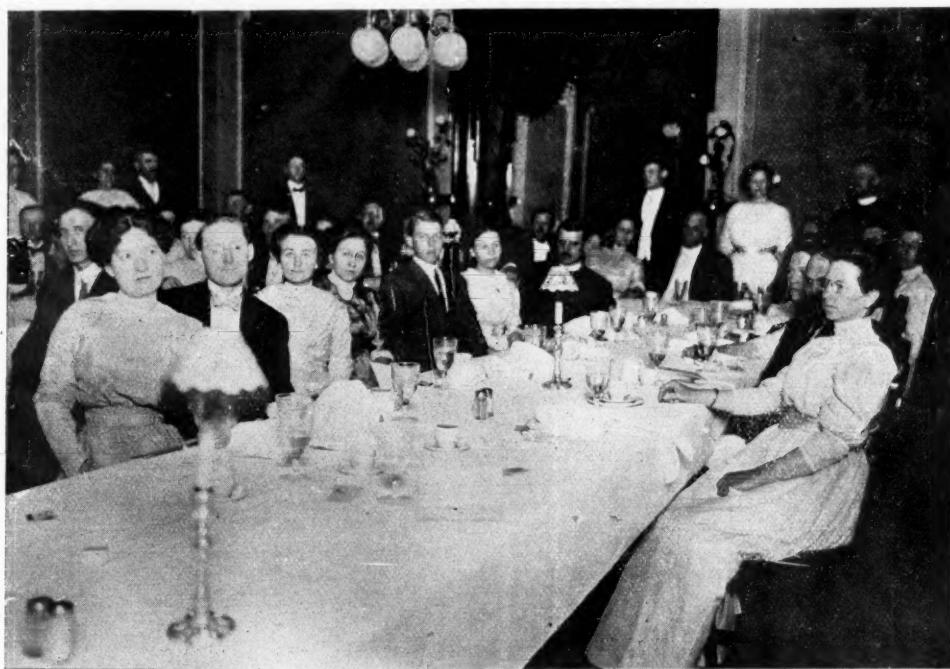
Way back when I completed my college course and sent out my applications for a position as tea-



MRS. LLOYD BLANKENSHIP
Secretary

with much pleasanter feelings than I turn to the change we have in mind tonight.

Probably no event in the history of the college has been of more interest than that which took place on Presentation Day on May 10. Dr. Gallaudet



BANQUET OF THE MID-WEST BRANCH G. C. A. A., HOTEL ROME, OMAHA.

(Photo by Michaelson)

then formally retired and Prof. Hall was installed as his successor.

* * * * *

When we point to our *alma mater* as the crowning glory of the great system of education for the deaf in the world, we are conscious of a thrill of pride and satisfaction.

Surely the doctor has earned his rest; we place a crown of laurel on his brow, bid him good by with our loving good wishes and invoke the blessing of God upon his honored head.

Then we turn to salute his successor. The young man who now takes up the reins is older in years than when Dr. Gallaudet took up the foundation work of the college; he will not have that pioneer work that fell to the lot of its first president. But it will be his to build upon that foundation; his to plan, construct and conserve. In choosing the man to carry on the work Dr. Gallaudet has made a singularly happy choice.

* * * * *

He was Dr. Gallaudet's close companion and acquired the ideas, hopes and plans for the future up-building of the college which the doctor realized he would soon have to turn over to younger shoulders. He became familiar with the education of the deaf along broad lines, placing his faith and confidence in the principles of the combined system he recognized as the only reasonable solution of the differences in ability and circumstances attending the deaf. Later he married a deaf graduate of the college and we know from these things that he understands and thereby sympathizes with the deaf.

Thus he is in every way fitted to carry on the work at Gallaudet College where the retiring president has laid it down. He has the same ideas, the same interest in the deaf and the confidence of the student body, the alumni and alumnae and all those who have the welfare of the college at heart.

The change, therefore, does not give us cause to feel any concern over the future of the college, but is one that inspires hope and brings satisfaction. I feel that I am speaking for all present when I say that the new president has our entire confidence, has our very best wishes and we hail him as the prophet that shall lend the combined system to ultimate and complete triumph.

This was followed by a toast to "The first lady of Kendall Green," the response to which was made by one entirely in sympathy with her charming subject, Miss Maudie Roath, '10.

In the Autumn of 1895 there entered the Preparatory Class of Gallaudet College a winsome girl of

seventeen. There is nothing remarkable in this fact, for many young girls just as pretty and sweet as she have been students at Gallaudet. But no one,



J. SCHUYLER LONG, '89
President 1906-1908

least of all Ethel Zoe Taylor herself, dreamed that she would one day be the "first lady of Kendall Green."

Miss Taylor's college life was just like that of any other girl there. Her beauty, charming manner, and sweetness of disposition attracted everyone. She was not a brilliant student by any means, but her faithful application to study and the unvarying standard of her scholarship won for her the veledictory over many far brighter and quicker than she. She was a leader among the "Owls"; always ready for a frolic.

To Mrs. Hall, as to many of the deaf, the loss of her hearing was a blessing in disguise, giving her opportunities for education she would not otherwise have had, broadening and elevating her whole life.

It was quite a step from the position of a student in the college to the position as wife of one of its foremost professors; and a still greater step to that of the wife of its president; but Mrs. Hall was equal to the occasion. Though modest, she is not shy. She carries herself with quiet grace and

dignity, meeting people of distinction as an acknowledged equal. I wish you could have seen her as she assisted at Dr. Gallaudet's reception after Presentation Day Exercises last May. It was just after Mr. Hall had been publicly announced as the new president of the college. Mrs. Hall looked very lovely as she received the congratulations of the many people with graciousness and dignity, yet blushing modesty too.

And now she reigns queen over dear, beautiful Kendall Green, which she has never had to leave, as most of us have had to do—not a proud, haughty queen, but one who rules by her kindness, love and tact.

Considering how much Mr. Hall has done for the college girls in one brief year, how he has improved the old East Wing, the culinary department, the servants, and the opportunities for social enjoyment among the students, we are certain he has heeded well the saying:

"Let no man value at a little price a virtuous woman's counsel."

A man in perfect accord with his subject, Superintendent R. E. Stewart, was invited by the Toastmaster to respond to the toast "The Cement," a quality that the following shows is much needed by the deaf:

Cement is a quality having power to bind together many separate and comparatively insignificant particles, making of them a substance harder than common rock.

The new formed stone is very durable and very useful.

This is sometimes styled the "Cement Age," because the use of cement enters so largely in the construction of buildings.

It is used for foundations, for walls, for concrete block dwellings, business blocks, Banks and factories.

It is used in building butments for bridges and even for complete arches spanning broad chasms, and swift rivers.

It is used in pavements for boulevards, and perhaps most comon of all, for miles and miles of concrete walks that adorn the streets of our cities and towns.

This strongly adhesive substance is a most useful material indeed and in view of the facts that lumber is becoming scarcer and more expensive, and that natural stone and granite entail much labor and expense to fashion into proper form; the ease with which concrete may be moulded into almost any shape coupled with the fact that nature seems to offer us an inexhaustible supply of cement which may be transported from place to place with ease, and light expense.

* * * * *

It is one of our most valuable elements in modern civilization and lies at the very foundation of architecture and modern home conveniences.



J. W. SOWELL, '00
President 1907-1908

THE SILENT WORKER

How may we apply this idea to uplifting the welfare of society? Is there not in communities an element of strength obtained by united effort? Why do men unite in Lodges, in Labor Unions, in churches? Why did our original 13 colonies band themselves together into one nation? Every school boy knows the answer: "In union there is strength." Most of you who are here to-night are representatives of a worthy group of society and your community of interest should be intense.

Your local societies, your state associations, and your National Association can accomplish a great deal for the betterment of the deaf if you all pull together and in the same direction.

Cement is worthless that crumbles and disintegrates. Loyalty is poor indeed that argues, and quibbles and falls into contention over every trivial point.

Get together on the great questions that concern your welfare and keep together.

You, the members of the Mid-West Chapter of Alumni of Gallaudet College, represent a unique educational institution. Your loyalty for this Institution is admirable, indeed.

Your members with your superior education can wield a mighty influence for the general good of the deaf by directing the objects for which the National Association may be striving, and by upholding such methods, institutions and instructors as in your judgment and experience have brought the largest amount of profit and happiness into your lives.

Be loyal to yourselves and your friends and your principles. Cement yourselves together as in a solid wall stretching from ocean to ocean ready to defend in a dignified manner your rights as you see them and you shall command the recognition and respect of intelligent, fair-minded people wherever you meet them.

The response to the toast "The Common Sense of the Old Boys" was responded to by an honest critic as these criticisms which it evoked will show:

Before I went to college I heard so much of the place and of the students that I thought there could be no other place in the world like Gallaudet College and no other people like the college people.

When I entered college myself, while it seemed a truly wonderful place there appeared to be something lacking in making it just what it had been represented.

Not being able to discover for myself what was missing I asked some of the people living in Washington who had graduated before my time what it was. They one and all looked at me with pity and scorn for my ignorance, and patiently explained that the difference was all in the students themselves. They would commence telling me about the old boys, the wonderful common sense they possessed, and—right there they would break off, look away, dream of the past, leaving me to my imagination.

Finally I concluded that the old boys must have been altogether different from the present generation and that the later were a blundering lot lacking principally in common sense.

* * * * *

In the early days of the college the students occupied a building which was very poorly heated. The only room that had a stove with a fire in the evening was the parlor. If the students studied in their rooms during cold nights they nearly froze to death, but if they studied in the parlor they were warm and comfortable. Now what do you suppose Dr. Hotchkiss, Mr. Logan, and Mr. Parkinson, the distinguished trio, did? Every cold night found them in the parlor hugging the stove until the wee sma' hours. The possession of uncommon sense does not necessarily imply the lack of common sense.

Our friend, Dr. Smith, who hails from the country, and who was accustomed to getting ten in most studies including botany, decided one day to gather a choice assortment of leaves with which to decorate his room. As he emerged from the woods with his arms full, he was met by a small colored boy, the some of the leaves, and exclaimed: "Them's pizen

ivy." Just then Dr. Smith's hands began to swell and soon resembled two Smithfield hams in which condition they remained for several days. Truly, a man without common sense is to be pitied, but what of an educated man?

Back in 1884, Lewis A. Palmer went to Boston during his senior year for a stay of several weeks to take lessons in *eloquence*, as he called it. While in Boston he stopped at a fashionable boarding house. Upon his return he criticized the table manners of the boys, dwelling particularly upon the hideous offense of cutting pie with a knife. At that time the boys had pie twice a week, "the crust being made of walrus hide, imported from Greenland expressly for the purpose," to quote one of the old boys. The first time pie was served after Mr. Palmer's return he assayed to show the boys how to

And lo! for the daughters of Gallaudet, let us drink a toast to them:

Here's health to you and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong,
Here's name to you and fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long.

Rev. James H. Cloud, who always has something that requires no coffee to keep awake on, no matter where he comes in on the program, politely requested owing to the lateness of the hour to have his "Toast" to "The Superior Class" postponed. This the "SUPERIOR CLASS" reluctantly granted, but, at its omission would leave a serious gap, as does the omission of part of the dessert, when the small boy is looking for more, we herewith present:

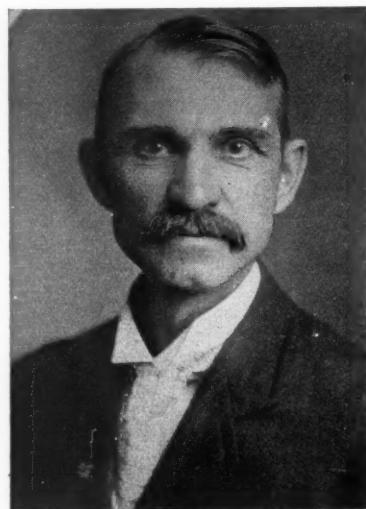
It is certainly a great pleasure to be with you again this evening and first of all I wish to thank you for the invitation with which I have been honored. The gatherings of the Mid-West branch of the Gallaudet fraternity have been so uniformly notable and brilliant that they merit attendance regardless of time, distance and expense. Maybe there is another reason why I am glad to be here tonight. Accident insurance statistics show that it is safer to travel than stay at home. The cold facts are that there is more danger in hanging up pictures and taking stoves apart than there are in railway collisions. As your invitation came in the midst by the housecleaning season, I thought it prudent to seek safety in flight. Perhaps some of you are here from the same exalted motives of self-preservation.

The Spanish buccaneer who vainly sought for the fountain of youth might have found it had he been a graduate of some college—particularly of Gallaudet—and could have met with the College folks around the festive board as we do here. On occasions like the present, one need not be any older than he feels.

Your Toastmaster has asked me to respond to "The Superior Class." That term strikes me as being both un-American and undemocratic. It also reminds me of an incident which happened here on a previous visit sometime ago. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, the methodist divine, and myself were invited to dinner at the home of Mrs. Freeman, a most worthy woman living on a farm a few miles out of town. Among the numerous inhabitants on Mrs. Freeman's model place was a proud young rooster—one of the "superior class." His roostership was not only the cock of the walk but of the whole barnyard as well. But, sad to relate, on the eventful day of our visit to the farm, that proud bird entered the ministry—the Episcopal ministry mostly,—a fate which it richly deserved. Now when a man once gets the impression that he belongs to the superior class and conducts himself accordingly, as did that young rooster, something is going to happen—or ought to. Although he may have good qualities he can be spared and will least be missed.

The acquisition of a college degree naturally brings with it a certain amount of pardonable conceit which in rational beings quickly wears away. Those who continue to act on the assumption that a diploma is a permit for self-centered and exalted isolation apart from the affairs of common interest in this work-a-day world are committing a grave mistake. It is good to see college men and women in ever increasing numbers hanging up their diplomas, rolling up their sleeves and joining the ranks in the forward movements for the advancement of the common good. Their self-effacement, natural ability and superior training make them leaders in affairs and moulders of thought. The Gallaudet men and women have received much, and of them much should be required. They should join the various organizations working for the advancement of the deaf—whether local, alumni, state or national. If called from the ranks by virtue of a just recognition of ability to positions of leadership, responsibility and trust, well and good—otherwise there is all the greater need for such people in the ranks.

You all know the story of the good but misguided bishops whose commendable zeal to be near to God



F. C. HOLLOWAY '78
President 1909-1910

cut it with a fork. At last accounts he was still at work but making slow progress. The handful of common sense was lacking so the bushel of learning, coupled with four years' experience with college pie, went for naught.

* * * * *

"The Daughters of Gallaudet" was responded to in gallant style by "a ladies' Man," Mr. Harry G. Long:

Without the daughters of Gallaudet, the college would not be what it now is, full of life, energy and good will among fellow associates. Those dear girls are the soul of the college. They help make things enthusiastic, and prove charming entertainers at all the social functions.

At the foot-ball and base-ball games no one could give more encouragement to the boys than the dear girls who yell and root to help defend the banner. And you'll remember out at Camp Gallaudet, at Great Falls, how the boys were always anxiously awaiting the arrival of "Ladies' Day," in fact more so than anything else, and there's hardly any boy at Camp, but escorts the girls over the Falls and hills. Truly this is the happiest day for the boys during Camp week.

Most Gallaudet men believe in co-education, especially those who were in college when women were first admitted. We need not explain why—the Gallaudet Co-ed speaks for herself. And there is one field in which man can not compete with the women, except a very few—and that is the delivery of hymns and poems in signs, such beautiful language it is when rendered by them. At the Colorado National Association for the Deaf Convention the daily programs were made more interesting and enjoyable by the addition of national hymns signed by women, all daughters of Gallaudet. If the men wish to keep alive the sign-language they would do well to copy them.

* * * * *

took him far from his people. He retired to the upper room of the cathedral tower, so as to be near to God, and every Sunday dropped down a written message to the people below. At last the time came when the good bishop must die. He heard the voice of God calling him and asked: "Lord! where art Thou?" To which the voice replied: "Down here among my people."

The superior class are the men and women who, in proportion to their talents, render superior service. Not to the Hubbard's godless twang that "the hands that help are better far than lips that pray," but to the sweeter Christian tune that "the lips that pray are better with the hands that help."

That the distinguished guests present might be identified, the toastmaster turned the search-light on them in the toast to "Who is Who and Why," which was responded to by one of our editorial friends, who knows who's who, J. W. Sowell, 'oo, who enlightened his listeners in these poetic lines:

As the programme shows, the quotation that goes with the toast to which I am to respond reads that measures, not men, shall be my mark. This, however, is a bit paradoxical; for tonight men and not measures are to be my target. And if there be any among you whose epidermis is of the gauze variety, or whose sense of humor would not suffer from a comparison to the proverbial humor of our British cousin, I would suggest that you gently close your eyes when you see your name mentioned, as I propose to handle you without gloves.

However, before we wander off into that bewildering labyrinth of celebrities who may, or may not, have found a place in those dust-laden volumes of "Who is Who" that adorn the out-of-the-way shelves of the public libraries, let us consider the *genus homo* as an entity before dealing with its distinct types.

This *genus homo*, as the poet sees him, is but

"A compound vast
Of generations, centuries past."

But what if man is but a compound vast of other generations? Is he not moving

"Upward, working out the beast;"

and has he not made considerable advance since that far off day in the dim ages of the world's youth? And may we not claim that the "Coming Race"—the millennial man of the poet's dream—has arrived at last, or is soon to make its advent? Most assuredly so. For among our "Who is Who" are types of men who are great, good, and noble. They are men who are creating literature, who are educating our youth, who are leading in the religious, scientific, commercial, social, military, naval, productive and artistic activities of the world, and who are in the innumerable departments of useful and reputable effort most representative of this higher race.

And now for our "Who is Who" volume. One name is there that is nearest the heart of every loyal son and daughter of old Gallaudet; the name of the man whose "productive activities" has made it possible that we gather here tonight to strengthen the ties that bind us to him and to scenes dear to us all. That man is Edmund Minor Gallaudet, for fifty-four years the honored president of the college that bears his name. He is the recognized Champion of the Combined Method of instructing the deaf, the method that is rational in its scope; that can stand on its own merits; that does not need to seek legislative enactments that it may be perpetuated—the method that has made it possible for us to be here tonight. To this man the following tribute of a great poet can be most fittingly applied:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world,—This is a man!"

Percival Hall—his name is here in our "Who is Who." And no new celebrity is he either, but a man who through his own sterling worth and perseverance has been hewing out a record for himself. He is the son of America's foremost astro-

nomers—Prof. Asaph Hall, and is a young man worthy in every respect to bear the illustrious name of an illustrious father. On the 10th he succeeded to the presidency of Gallaudet College and is, as every one who knows him will admit, the logical man for the place. He is a man whom the deaf can trust as well as admire and respect; for he is one of us; is bound to us by ties that are dear to him, since his wife, like us, is unable to hear.

* * * * *

George William Veditz. One of the shining lights among the deaf; a suave and astute politician and statesman. He forced the national government to remove restrictions placed on the deaf in Civil Service matters when he was president of the National Association.

Henry W. Rothert, Superintendent. He is one of the nestors of the profession; is reported to be a shrewd man and is very fond of coffee and green cheese. He is one of the best friends the deaf have, sympathizing all the more with them because his own son and brother-in-law are one of them. He has served as superintendent of the Iowa School for well nigh 25 years and what that school is today it owes to him.

R. E. Stewart, Superintendent, is a young man who has demonstrated his fitness as an executive head of a large institution such as a school for the deaf. He is a teacher of experience and has always stuck to his chosen work, no matter how unjustly fate has dealt with him. He has made the Nebraska school what it is today—one of the best schools in the entire country.

J. H. Cloud, minister, is a representative deaf person. He is a remnant of the old-time "fighting parson," whether with the gentleman of the nether world or with some luckless mortal of this old mundane sphere. He is a man of many aspirations, some of which have never materialized. Sometimes, like the rest of us, he has had to take a back seat; but tonight he has a front seat which he occupies with becoming grace.

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J. S. Long is a teacher of considerable success. He is also a poet and has written a book dealing with the sign-language. He is aspiring to membership in the bald man's club, and judging from present appearances he is in every way eligible.

* * * * *

Judge Wharton—an eminent jurist, known everywhere as a strong supporter of what he knows is right. He is zealous in his support of religion, philanthropic, and educational interests.

* * * * *

Dr. J. L. Smith, teacher and lecturer, a man whom many of you will have the pleasure of meeting tomorrow evening. Among the editorial fraternity, we call him Dr. Jimmy and his favorite diversion is splitting hairs over matters that call for the most profound logic. He is one of the smartest deaf men in the country and is an impressive sign-maker.

Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss, professor at Gallaudet, and the venerable editor of the Alumni department of the college paper. He is a poet of no mean ability his masterpiece being "A Potomac Idyll." He has a lot of gray matter under his hat and wears home-grown whiskers.

Olof Hanson, architect, and the present president of the National Association of the Deaf. He believes in taking time by the forelock instead of by the forelock, nevertheless he manages to get there some how or other.

But we have already turned over more leaves than we had planned to do. And to think, nothing has been said about the ladies. This is because they are all celebrities or aspire to be such. They are all about the same age; some are aggregations of altitudinous ponderosity, others are aggregations of diminutiveness; yet all are beautiful—did you ever know a lady that wasn't? But as I have said the ladies are all celebrities and this is all there is to it.

Miss Sarah Streby was down for a response to the toast to "Our Noble Mid-West Branch," but owing to the lateness of the hour was

given a year's extension of time in which to deliver it.

Superintendent Rothert, of the Iowa School, gave the Alumni some delightful backward glimpses in his response to "Reminiscences."

In that good old song "Lead Kindly Light" there is one injunction, one admonition, viz: "Remember not past years." The writer no doubt desired to make the impression that whatever was of evil in times gone by should be forgotten.

In this poetic supplication for divine guidance reference is made to days of pride and pleasure, days of sinful thoughts and willful actions, the remembrance of which are buried with the past.

I ask this suggestion as to consigning to oblivion misdeeds of your fellow men at all times worthy of recognition?

To "forgive and forget" is loving, yea christian, but I ask should not the recollection of days of grief and worry caused by treachery of supposed friends be encouraged as a stimulus to action guarding against a recurrence in future?

Very few in life are so blessed that in their reminiscences there are not times of painful heart throbs and dark hours of despair. Times when life's path was edged with deceit and treachery and cunningness, lying and disloyalty obstructed the efforts for usefulness.

I ask should persons prominent in such past gloomy drama of life be forgiven, and the hands of friendship extended as a token of renewed confidence?

Should reminiscence be so covered by the shroud of forgetfulness as to emphasize the poet Longfellow's allusion in his "Psalm of Life": "Let the dead past bury its dead?"

There can be no answer to these questions, vis: let each one act according to the dictates of his own conscience, as he feels his duty to be subject only to his God.

* * * * *

There is one phase of reminiscence dear to every sensitive heart, awakening the spirit of youthful follies or creating the deeper sense of placid satisfaction. It is the recollection of our student life. It greets us in varied forms, happy in our friendship's bonds, sensitive to our rival's sneer, laughing at the tricks we played, regretting the time we lost, boasting of the games we won, sorry for the hearts we broke, repeating the college songs we sang, worrying over the debts we owed, realizing the errors made, frightened at the professor's frown, jubilant at approach of vacation time, waiting anxiously for presentation day, and lastly pleased and proud at the final honors won.

Oh; the never to be forgotten days of student life. Full of ambition and hard work, full of cramming and examinations, full of tiresome studies and rigid discipline, and yet—with all also full of bright events and happy hours, of evening strolls with sweethearts dear, of festive nights in banquet hall and dancing room, of wild hurrahs in baseball field, or boisterous mirth in secret society places—but above all full of dreams of future fame and greatness.

The campus with its games and contentions, the shady nooks and lovers' lanes, the ivy-covered buildings with museum, laboratory, lecture, and recitation hall, the chapel and gymnasium all pass in review in our reminiscence of college days.

Oh! the days of young manhood's dreams,
The days of effort, hope and fear,
The days searching for wisdom's gleams,
The days above all to memory dear.

Mr. J. H. McFarlane was among the "Also Spokes," but, his subject was so extensive that we are unable to find space for it here.

The last but not the least relished feature on the Program was a sign song by the well-known motion poet of the Mid-West Branch, Mrs. Lloyd Blackship, who rendered "Home Sweet Home" so sympathetically as to make the guests forget, for the time, their surroundings.



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave.

THE following self explanatory clipping appeared in *The Deaf-Mutes Journal* issue of May 25:

TO THE DEAF OF THE UNITED STATES

I notice that there is a movement on foot to have the deaf throughout the country contribute towards the maintenance of the Gallaudet statue at the Hartford school. Giving due credit to what Gallaudet has done for the deaf of this country, it does seem that the asking of contributions from the deaf for the maintenance or repair of the statue to Hartford is a reflection on the management of that school and implies that it is forgetful to the debt of gratitude it owes to its founder.

While the deaf in the United States give due expression to their gratitude to Gallaudet, are they not forgetting their universal benefactor De l'Epee, who was the first to open a school for the deaf and gave to them their beloved sign-language? In July, 1912, there will be a grand celebration in France. It might be well on that occasion, while the deaf from all parts of the globe gather in Paris to do honor to their greatest benefactor, to have a grand demonstration in his honor by the deaf of the United States.

I would suggest that the N. A. D. take up the matter immediately; that a committee be appointed to take the matter in hand; that contributions be asked from the deaf in the United States for the erection of a monument to De l'Epee at Kendall Green; that, if possible, that monument be the work of a deaf-mute. The unveiling of the monument would attract national attention. The doings on that occasion by the deaf, their speeches, etc., would be a powerful object lesson to the hearing public, which needs to be better informed as regards the intelligence and ability of the deaf and of their attachment to the sign-language and the combined method.—F. A. MOELLER, S. J.

We heartily commend the suggestion that the deaf of America erect a statue of De l'Epee on the grounds of Gallaudet College at Washington. The deaf of the United States are not unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe De l'Epee. As noted in our communication to the SILENT WORKER last month the United States ranked next to France in the number of delegates sent to Paris in 1889 to attend the Congress called to honor the memory of De l'Epee. An editorial in the April issue of *The Silent Churchman*—which we quoted in part last month—calls attention to the services of De l'Epee and urges a large representation from the United States to the De l'Epee bi-centenary at Paris in July, 1912. The deaf of the United States are not forgetting their universal benefactor. A bust of De l'Epee has adorned the chapel of Gallaudet College for many years. A feature of the World's Congress of the Deaf held at St. Louis in 1904 was a demonstration in honor of De l'Epee at the French pavilion. Last December here in St. Louis there was a grand union De l'Epee-Gallaudet commemoration on the part of the local deaf. It is proposed to repeat this evidence of respect for our universal and national benefactors next fall and annually hereafter as long as birds fly, fish swim and the deaf use signs.

There is a magnificent bronze statue of De l'Epee at his home city, Versailles, the gift of the deaf of France, and the work of a deaf-mute—Felix Martin. This statue is a masterpiece in design and execution and is so complete in its suggestiveness that it would seem better to reproduce it in duplicate on Kendall

Green than to attempt any thing along original lines. No doubt the necessary permission to make the duplicate could easily be obtained and would be cheerfully given. We have the impression that the sculptor—Felix Martin—is still living.

* * *

It is proposed to hold a grand reunion of graduates and former students at Gallaudet College at Washington, on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the College in 1914—two years after the De l'Epee bi-centenary. It seems to me that this would also be a fitting time for the unveiling of the De l'Epee statue on Kendall Green, thus forever visibly associating in the hearts and minds of the American deaf the names of De l'Epee and Gallaudet.

* * *

It will require time in which to raise funds for the De l'Epee statue at Washington and it is extremely doubtful if the necessary amount could be raised and the statue made ready for the unveiling within a year. As there will be no special occasion for a pilgrimage to Washington before the grand Gallaudet homecoming in 1914, it seems best that the formal observance of the De l'Epee bi-centenary in America be held then and the commemorations this year, next year and the year after be made occasions for raising funds for the statue.

* * *

In the matter of raising funds for the De l'Epee statue it might be well to try what is known as the apportionment plan,—assessing each state say one dollar per pupil enrolled in its schools for the deaf—state, day and parochial. The tables of the *Annals* could be used as a basis for the apportionment. This would mean about \$400 from Missouri, \$1000 from Pennsylvania, \$50 from New Mexico, \$150 from Louisiana and so on—a total of about \$15,000. The object is one calculated to appeal to the deaf and the amount apportioned could and doubtless would be overpaid in a good many instances. Illinois raised over \$1000 for the Gallaudet statue about twenty-five years ago. Under the apportionment plan only \$700 would probably be assessed that state and that amount is likely to be overpaid. Here is hoping that the Rev. Mr. Moeller's splendid suggestion will find immediate and general favor with the American deaf.

* * *

Attention is called to a lecture by Dr. James L. Smith, of the faculty of the Minnesota School, delivered at Omaha recently under the auspices of the Silentium Association of that city, and published on the first page of this issue of the SILENT WORKER. There was a large and representative attendance at the lecture on the part of the deaf citizens of Omaha and Council Bluffs and we also gladly improved the opportunity to be present. The lecture was a calm, able, timely and dignified presentation of a matter of vital importance to the deaf and should go the limit of the press and the Bureaus of Publicity of the state and national associations of the deaf.

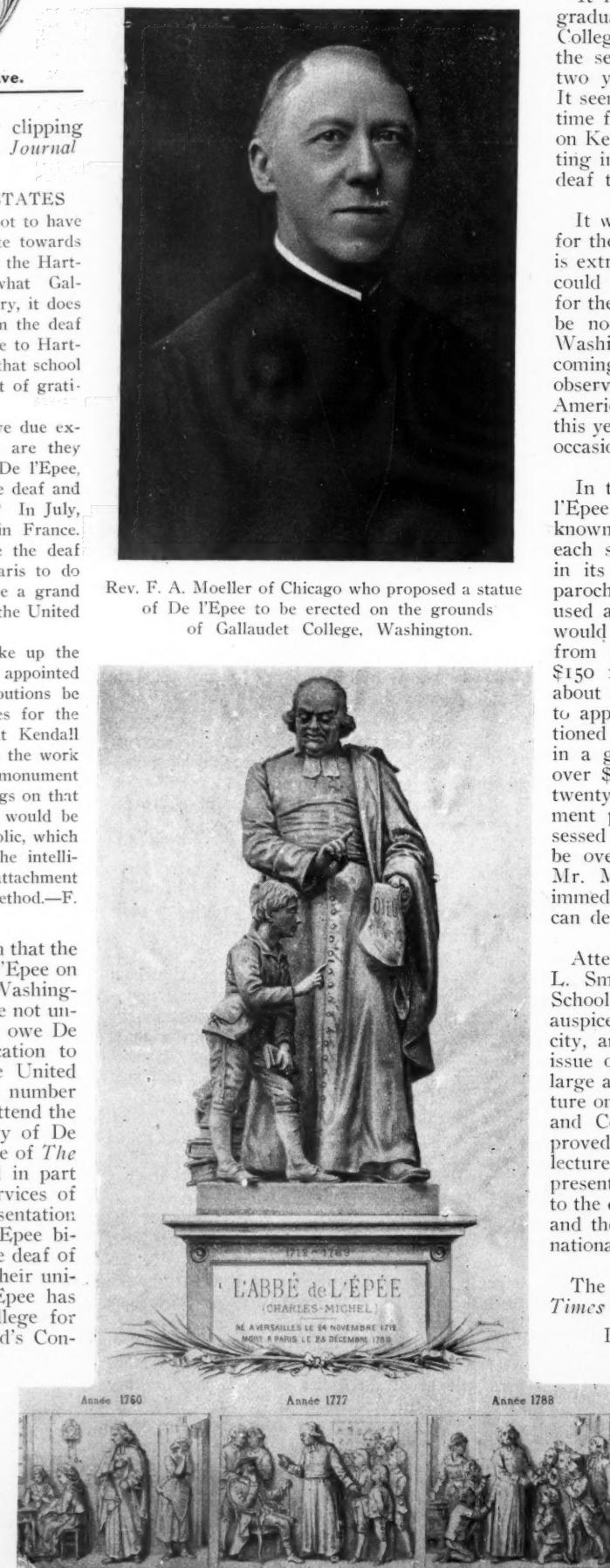
* * *

The following clipping from *The St. Louis Times* is interesting:

DEAF-MUTES AS CITIZENS

The verdict by which a St. Louis deaf-mute is condemned to spend ten years of his life in prison for murder serves to call attention to the fact that it is extremely rare that men who are specially afflicted are brought into prominence by means of the criminal courts.

It might be thought more or less reasonable if the man who cannot hear, or speak, see, or walk readily, adopted short cuts to the ends he sought in a greater number of cases; but as a matter of fact, it is not the man who is handi-



THE DE L'EPEE STATUE AND BAS-RELIEFS AT VERSAILLES.

capped who appears most ready to violate the law, but the man who is fully equipped to fend against hardships.

The blind are usually remarkable because of their cheerfulness and optimism. Half the privileges of life having been denied them, they are the more capable of appreciating those which remain.

So, too, the deaf-mutes, of whom there are a sadly numerous company in every big city, are usually remarked because of their skill in overcoming a handicap, and for the blithe spirit with which they meet the ills which are not put upon others.

It is good to remember that if one of the latter class of men has gone astray, the record of the class as a whole is extraordinarily good.

In another issue of the same paper appeared the following:

At the trial of a deaf-mute in the local courts, it is more than likely that all hands were kept pretty busy.

The deaf-mute in question—Thomas Meehan by name—was practically unknown to the local deaf before his arrest. He attended the local Roman Catholic School for a few years about twelve years ago. His brother and brother-in-law were engaged in a fight and Meehan ran to his brother's assistance and inflicted stab wounds upon his brother-in-law from the result of which the latter died. Meehan's defense was that he thought his brother's life was in danger and so he ran to his brother's assistance. Miss Pearl Herdman, of the faculty of Gallaudet School, acted as interpreter for Meehan during the trial. The local press took considerable and kindly interest in the case and illustrated write-ups were the order of the day while the trial lasted.

* * *

It was our good fortune to be able to attend the annual banquet of the Mid-West Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association at Omaha recently. It was a grand affair and one which was greatly enjoyed. It is a positive hardship to be obliged to refrain from further comment on the function—but we must. The SILENT WORKER'S Omaha and Council Bluffs correspondents were all there too and are on the job.

* * *

Nebraska and her pure-oral school will be watched with a great deal of interest. Dr. Crouter, with plenty of funds, made Mt. Airy a pure-oral school. If we had the "sinews of war" we could have a pure-oral school too. It is only a matter of finances, gentlemen, only a matter of dollars and cents.—*Florida Herald*.

Yes; money talks and "oralism" by "law" goes on apace.

* * *

The twentieth anniversary supper, bazaar and social by the Woman's Aid Society of St. Thomas Mission at the Memorial House, 1210 Locust street, on the evening of May 20th, was largely attended, in spite of the rain and the results of the ladies' efforts were very gratifying to all concerned. The membership of the society consists of Mrs. Lula O. Cloud, President; Mrs. Udall, Secretary; Mrs. Harden, Treasurer; Miss Roper and Miss Herdman, Supply Committee; Miss Molloy and Miss Wilson, Bazaar Committee; Miss Klug, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Schneider, Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Chenery, Miss Mooney, Mrs. Merrell, Mrs. Wess and Miss Mahone.

* * *

At the recent annual meeting of the St. Louis Gallaudet Union the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Cloud; Vice President, Miss Clara L. Steidemann; Secretary, Miss Cecilia Mahon; Treasurer, Miss Annie M. Roper. The society is in a prosperous condition and the outlook for another successful year is encouraging.

It was decided to make the "public opinion"

readings a part of the regular literary program. The next meeting of the Union will be on September 15th.

* * *

The Rev. M. R. McCarthy, of New York, conducted a Mission at the Roman Catholic Deaf-Mute Institute during the week ending June 4. The local Roman Catholic deaf reciprocated Rev. Mr. McCarthy's visit by attending the Mission in large numbers.

* * *

To the editor, publisher, printers, correspondents and readers of the SILENT WORKER a good old summer time vacation.

Our Successful Deaf Men

A SHORT time ago we made mention of C. Wesley Breese's latest success—that of business manager of the Photo-engraving department of Stivers Printing Company in Middletown, N. Y.



C. WESLEY BREESE

Mr. Breese is a New Jersey boy, his home being in Eastontown, N. J., and a product of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, where he received the rudiments of his education.

Although Mr. Breese is supposed to have been born deaf, he uses both speech and writing in his business.

Being totally deaf, he has no use for the telephone, so he devised an attachment that gives electric flashes when he is wanted down in the main office, a device which other deaf people are using with gratifying success.

Mr. Breese is probably the only former pupil of the New Jersey School who has risen to such a high position.

Mr. Breese was only sixteen years old when he left school. That was in the summer of 1903. His first position was with the Pennypacker Press in Asbury Park, where he worked on and off for some three years, having charge of their photo-engraving plant, and otherwise making himself useful as compositor and press feeder.

This was followed by a nine-months' course at the Bissell College of Photo-engraving, so as to get a perfect working-knowledge of wet-plate making.

After leaving Bissell's he returned to his old place with the Pennypackers and after running their photo-engraving plant successfully for a year, was called to Trenton to take charge of the *State Gazette's* Photo-engraving department, where he remained a year and a half.

With the inducement of a better salary he accepted a position with the Gill Engraving Company in New York, as operator, where he remained thirteen months making hundreds of cuts for most of the leading magazines, namely, *Country Life in America*, *World's Work*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *McClure's*, *Century's*, *Recreation*, *Outlook*, *Everybody's*, and others.

Speaking of Mr. Breese's work in his present position, Mr. J. H. Kinckerbocker, the manager of Stivers Printing Company, says: "Believing that the use of illustrations—half-tone—would be of material benefit as a feature for the *Middletown Daily Times-Press*, this newspaper installed a photo-engraving department about two and one-half years ago, conducting it with more or less success for a period of two years. At the expiration of the two years we realized that this particular department of our business could be made not only more productive for our use but also promoted to the point of returning some profit on the investment."

"We have been fortunate in securing the services of Charles Wesley Breese, an expert photo-engraver, who has now been with us for the past five months. He has not only shown his ability as an expert at the mechanical end of the photo-engraving department, but has also, through his personal interest in our business, made it possible for us to secure a very satisfactory patronage along commercial lines. This business has come through our being in a position to guarantee workmanship, efficiency and prompt delivery. While still small compared with that done by many older engraving houses, the business of this department is developing rapidly under the direction of Mr. Breese, and we are confident that Stivers Printing Company will be known as one of the big engraving houses before many years has passed."

"We invite inquiries relative to this department and feel satisfied that we can give estimates that will compare favorably with prices obtained for work of this character. Mr. Breese has adopted a motto for his department—Quality-Service—back of which is the guarantee of this company."

The following is clipped from the *Seattle Post-intelligencer*:

"The printers are soon to select two delegates to their national convention and consequently these are loquacious days in the composing rooms. In its limited sphere this election causes almost limitless discussion, and this year the discussion is none the quieter by reason of the fact that one of the candidates, C. A. Gumaer, is a deaf-mute. Mr. Gumaer works in the *Post-Intelligencer* linotype department and he divides the support of his chapel with Harry A. Miller and Charles Seghers. Nightly before time is called there are empathetic discussions as to whether or not a delegate is any better by reason of having a gift of speech. To all of which Mr. Gumaer is an interested onlooker. His supporters base their arguments for his efficiency on the success of blind Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, and are insistent on their arguments that very little harm has been done by persons keeping still."

The convention will be held in San Francisco in August.

The Silent Worker

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JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

If you haven't read Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's address at the opening of the Mohonk Conference, read it. It will be worth your while.

Not all Ours We are especially grateful to the parents of our little ones for the great help they have given us during the term now closing. Their many words of encouragement, and acts of kindness and consideration have been a great boon to us in our work, and we feel that to them belongs no small share of the credit due for the physical, intellectual and moral advancement their children have made.

In Corpore Sano In schools for the deaf we find more attention being paid each year to the bodily welfare of the children. A decade ago, there were few schools that had a good gymnasium. There is now scarce a school in the land without one, and the effort everywhere is to provide a good athletic field as well. The Kansas legislature has just appropriated \$1,000 for the purpose, and Colorado is about starting a \$10,000 play-ground. As yet we have but a good base-ball diamond, croquet and tennis grounds, and a half dozen beautiful lawns. The rest will come.

A Relic of Barbarism Our Legislature has decreed that the old fashioned drinking-cup must go, and, now that our attention is called to it, we wonder how the abomination come to be continued till the year of our Lord 1911. The danger has been recognized for many years, and the medical fraternity all over the country have been urging individual cups, or, what is better yet, bubble fountains, but it was not until a few months ago that it was discovered just what a terrible menace the drinking cup was to the public health. The Chicago Board of

Health started the inquiry and the very first cup settled the matter. It was a cup that had been used in a High School for months, which, upon examination, was found to be lined with a thick brownish deposit. Under the microscope this deposit proved to be composed of particles of mud, thousands of bits of decaying skin, dead epithelial cells and millions of bacteria. To determine the virility or harmlessness of this sediment some of it was injected under the skin of a healthy guinea pig. Forty hours later the pig died, and an examination showed that pneumonia germs had caused its death. Another pig, inoculated with some of the sediment from the same cup, developed tuberculosis, conclusive evidence that the cup had been infected with that dread disease, and had no doubt transmitted it to many of the pupils. A careful inquiry, systematically carried out, showed that several of the children in this particular school from which the cup was taken were then suffering from tuberculosis, and for each one in which the disease had made sufficient progress to be diagnosed there were perhaps, many who will later be affected.

Modern Sanitation, speaking upon the subject wisely says:—

Our first duty to the world is to keep well. Without health we cannot put forth our best efforts, and our value diminishes accordingly. Our second duty is to safe-guard the health of others, for just as charity begins at home and spreads to the rest of the world, so should our duty to keep well commence with the individual and spread to the multitude. To an altruist that doctrine might seem selfish, putting, as it seems to, self before neighbor, but, bear in mind, if everybody lived up to the tenets of that teaching there would be no second duty to perform.

At the present stage of all the world's progress, however, we are still our brother's keepers, and in casting around to discover sources from which harm might arise to injure them we must keep constantly in mind that public drinking-cups are dangerous. Many cases of loathsome diseases have been traced directly to the use of common drinking-cups in public places, and there are thousands of cases of tuberculosis and other ills which, without question, were transmitted through the drinking-cup medium, although it is impossible to trace back the cases to their origin.

"Doesn't it seem strange to you that a large percentage of the ills of mankind are transmitted from lip to lip or from lip to cup and cup to lip? Then look around you and marvel that the whole world is not unwell when you consider that one out of every sixty persons you can count on the street, in the parks or on railway trains has tuberculosis. With that one out of sixty persons, or almost two per cent of the population of the country, suffering from a communicable disease, and that disease transmitted by means of the sputum, is it any wonder that public drinking-cups are dangerous?"

The bubble fountain is the true solution to the problem. They were installed with us long before the water came up before our

legislature, and for cleanliness and healthfulness there could be nothing better.

It has seldom been our good **A Beauty** fortune to come across a handsomer number of any paper published in the interests of the deaf than the *Wisconsin Times* of May 27th. It is especially edited and especially illustrated and will be of particular interest to those interested in Delavan and the Delavan school for the deaf, but as the eyes of everybody interested in the education of the deaf are now turned towards Delavan the present issue will be of interest to every one in the profession, and those who thought of going to the coming convention, but who were in some doubt, after reading this copy of the *Times*, will hesitate no longer.

At least a half dozen of our **The Moving Picture** sister schools now have moving picture machines, the last to purchase one being the Montana School. We are provided with pretty much everything else in the line, but have not yet attained to the dignity of one of these most useful and enjoyable instruments. Every school for the deaf should possess one. Then the proposition to raise a fund for stock of instructive films should be carried out and we would have added to the curriculum not only something that would add greatly to the enjoyment of our little ones but a thing, as well, that would be of the greatest educational value.

SYSTEM

Oh, isn't it great to be "up-to-date"
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everything,
Though nobody knows the place!

We've an index card for each thing we do
And everything under the sun;
It takes so long to fill out the cards
We never get anything done.

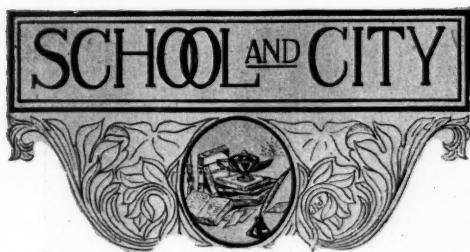
'Tis vertical here and vertical there,
And everything on its end;
With double force, mistakes and expense,
And never a thing on the mend.

We've loose-leaf ledgers for saving time,
The Lord knows what they cost,
When half our time is spent each day
Hunting for leaves that are lost.

And sectional this and sectional that,
(We'll soon have sectional legs);
I dreamt last night that I made a meal
Of sectional ham and eggs.

Oh, isn't it great to be "up-to-date"
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everything,
Though nobody knows the place!

The main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and place in thought and feeling, but to give the world the finished results.—Auerbach.



These moonlight nights are grand.
Frieda Heuser is getting thin—not.
Where will you spend your vacation?
How much have you saved up for the 4th?
The examinations developed lots of surprises.
Our canary-bird is anything but "saddest" when it sings.
Mr. Sharp, as usual took charge of the south Jersey party.
Mr. Horgan's article on Miss Curtis will be appreciated by all.
The recent rains have made our grounds "to blossom as the rose."
The children went home just full of good resolutions for the summer.
The last car-load north was personally conducted by Mr. Walker, as usual.
Quite a few of the South Jersey pupils are planning trips to Atlantic City.
With a little more practice Alfred Shaw is going to make a fine "catcher."
The garland drill is one of the prettiest things our little girls ever attempted.
Our boys have developed wonderfully as ball players, during the past three months.
The last meeting for the term of the Committee on our School was held last Friday.
Vallie Gunn and Lily Stassatt's rendition of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is very beautiful.
Many of the roses lingered a while this year, to be present at our closing exercises.
Miss Hall and Mrs. Porter's tots were the sweetest little things that ever went on a stage.
George Brede expects to play with the St. Peter's team of Jersey City during the summer.
The moving picture exhibitors catch many a nickel from our pupils, on Saturday afternoons.
Our vases and flower-baskets have all been filled and they greatly enhance the beauty of our front.
It was a great pleasure to all of us to have the Hon. James L. Hays present at our commencement.
Miss Wood's little girls have a fine garden, all except the lettuce, which the sparrows "paralized."

The splendid appearance of our boys and girls were an universal subject of remark, on closing day.

Our text on Sunday morning was "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Our Pride of India tree is in full bloom and it is so fragrant that it may be smelled all over our grounds.

When the call for items for the SILENT WORKER is made, Ruth Ramshaw always responds with a will.

Not one of our children is hypocrite enough to say that he will be sorry to leave his dear teacher on the 17th.

Three of the boys came in with their hair soaking wet, on Saturday afternoon. Guess where they had been.

The hours until vacation so eagerly counted are now all spent and we are embarked upon our *dolce far niente*.

The party that visited the water-works at Calhoun St., a few days ago, found much there to interest them.

Frank Penrose and Michael Grod may frequently be seen off in some out-of-the-way place practising articulation.

Samuel Eber is very fond of basket-ball and has his eye on a place with the Silent Stars of this city, when he graduates.

The latest fad among the girls is the weaving of mats, and Mr. Johnson is working overtime making frames for them.

A little party of Mount Airy boys and girls spent Thursday with us. They made the trip on the Delaware River steamboat.

Mr. Turner was a visitor last week, and took May to the White City, where she says she spent a very enjoyable evening.

Clara Van Sickle can hardly wait for the time when she will have the pleasure of climbing the old cherry-tree beside her home, and feasting on the fruit once more.

Vallie Gunn had charge of the girls' side of the dining-room during the past two weeks and the work was never better done.

The dress-making of our little girls is really wonderful. Is it to be wondered at that they succeed so well after leaving school.

Chas. Dobbins says he will be lonesome at Belmar if he has no base-ball glove. We think Mr. John P. will attend to that.

Mabel Zorn says that when she got on Morrisville heights the other day, and looked back, old Jersey looked real good to her.

Our game with the Triangles was 4—4 at the end of the 11th inning. Then the Triangles got a batting streak, and you know.

The arm-chair on which Erwin Hermann is just putting the finishing touches, stamps its maker as a workman of great promise. Erwin is not only a good workman but a good student as well and a great reader.

It made the printers work day and night for a week to get out the July number of the SILENT WORKER before the close of school.

Mr. Kuser sent us another grey squirrel a few days ago making seven in all. The last one is a big fellow and is as wild as a hawk.

When the boys and girls severed the ties which bound them to their dear old *Alma Mater* a few day ago, would you believe it, not a tear was shed.

Maude, Thompson, Mary Hanlon, Mamie German, Mabel Snowden, Grace Apgar, and Lily Hamilton were all with us on our "Big Day."

One of the first things that Harriet Alexander will do, upon arriving home, will be to go out and get acquainted with that fine new horse her father has just bought.

Mr. George Lloyd is expected to arrive home by the 21st, but alas, that will be too late for us to see him. Perhaps he will still be in Trenton, when we return in the fall.

A little girl writing a journal the other day dwelt at large on all the splendid times she is going to have during the summer and then closes by saying, "but, Oh, you September."

We call one of our squirrels little "Tommy Gadabout," as she runs all over the neighborhood. We are very much afraid that somebody's Thomas cat will make his acquaintance.

Willie Battersby went to see the Trenton-Harrisburg game, on Saturday afternoon. Trenton won and Willie had a hot doggie coming home. Wasn't that a great day in the ward?

These are busy days for Miss Cornelius for to her usual duties are added all the packing and other arrangements preparatory to going home, and a multitude of little purchases for the girls.

Johnny Mcnee is green with envy because his little friend Adam Esplin is going to Scotland this summer, and he cannot go along. Johnny is very anxious to see Bonnie old Scotland again.

Decoration Day was brightest by the arrival of quite a few visitors. We held our last re-union in the evening, and under the especial directions of Ethel Collins, it was a great success.

Ethel Collins chaperoned a little party consisting of Mary Sommers, May Turner, Esther Clayton and two or three other girls, to Cadwalader Park on Decoration Day. They all enjoyed the trip greatly.

The melancholy news has just reached Frank Hoppaugh that his dog Sport killed nine chickens one day last week. Frank loves Sport, but he also loves chickens, and he is doing a lot of thinking now-a-days.

Mr. Sharp's class had their last Nature Study ramble, on Friday afternoon. They went up to the great 500-acre nursery of Mr. Moon, at Morrisville, and trees and tree-culture were the especial subjects they took up.

The day that Edna Snell receives a letter from home is always the brightest one of the week to her. In the last one she was promised an automobile ride to Mays Landing and Atlantic City, some day during her vacation. She is placing great hopes upon that trip.

Our little girls were greatly interested in the talk upon the strides women are making all over the world, given in chapel on Tuesday morning, and they would not be surprised if, when Mr. Wilson goes to the Presidency, a woman were to become the Governor of our state.

The Silent Workers' Creditable Record

Won 14, Lost 6.

By MILES H. SWEENEY.

THE 1910-11 basket-ball season, just ended, was by no means a bad one when the circumstances are considered, although not as successful as in past years. That great 1909-10 aggregation which won all its 19 games was missing; of the 8 players who composed the same only one remained—Harry Dixon. This sole survivor, upon being elected both assistant manager and captain, selected at random those most promising, taught and drilled them in the rudiments, and in a few weeks' time had the present team ready for the season. Aided by his generalship and brilliant individual work, the team managed to go through the season in a satisfactory manner, at times putting up exhibitions that would be of credit to more seasoned teams.

In winning 14 and losing 6, and both defeating and holding their own against teams of more experience, the Silent Workers did more than what was expected of them. Half of their defeats were administrated at the hands of the Trenton Silent Stars, a team of Trenton graduates, some of whom were members of last season's classy team. A series of five games were agreed upon; and early in the season the Stars, "Rip-Van-Winkled" and rusty, and unaware of the surprise in store for them, opened the season by receiving a setback in the first game of the series. The Silent Workers, who had been in ragged form since they opened their season weeks previous, specially prepared for the occasion with the result they nosed out the Stars by 23 to 22. This defeat fairly staggered the Stars and set them awork, and, though with some difficulty, they came back with three in a row, thus ending the series in their favor.

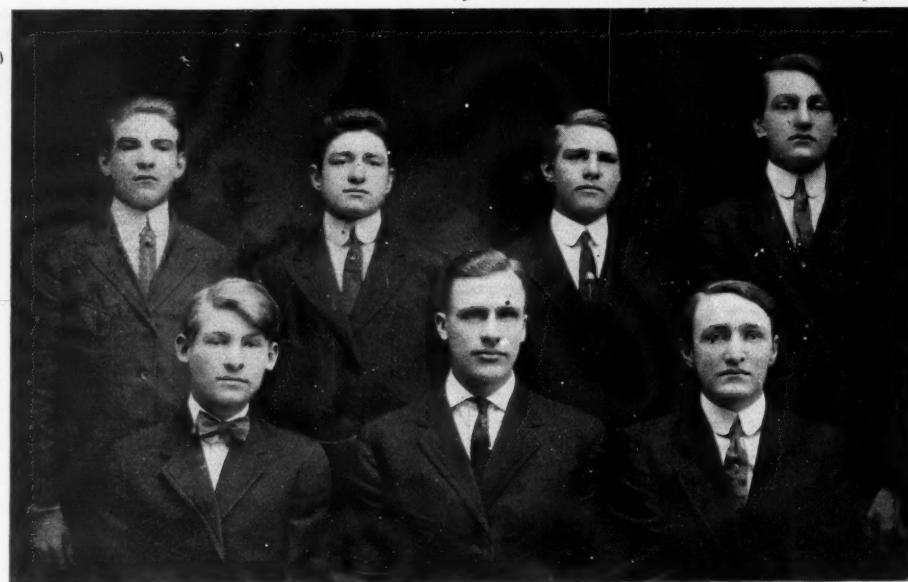
The present team is probably the youngest in the history of the school that ever wore the senior colors of the institution. The boys averaged 17 in age and 143 in weight. The team was managed by physical director Edwin Markley, who did his share in helping the boys in many ways. Indeed judging from its excellent start the team, with individual defects corrected and as the boys gain in experience and ability, bids fair to excell the great machine that preceded it. Let us hope so.

HARRY DIXON, guard.

Few indeed are those who possess all those qualities that go to make up a finished player. Dixon belongs to that rare class. "Indian Harry," so called for his sharp eye-sight and natural ability, is the life of the team. Possessing experience, aggressiveness and all-around ability, he was admirably fitted in his handling of the team; and, by infusing spirit and confidence in his team-mates, no doubt he helped the boys much in their playing. In being surrounded by green material Dixon had much opportunity to show his real worth and ability, and as was anticipated he topped the list in point-getting. He of all was the dominant factor in the success of the team. Without him it would be a case of a ship without a rudder.

SAMUEL EBER, centre.

The runner-up to Dixon in point-scoring is the hard-working centre, Samuel Eber. Gifted with bulldog spirit Eber is there and everywhere to the end. In fact he dragged quite a few games, apparently lost, out of the fire in the very last seconds remaining of the game. Such players are of value to any team. Being in his teens, Eber has yet to see his best days, and only needs more experience to correct



SILENT WORKERS SENIOR TEAM

Top row—Reading from left to right.—Michael Grod, guard; John Garland, forward; Arthur Blake, forward; Alfred Baumlin, guard.

Lower row—Left to right—Samuel Eber, centre; Edwin Markley, manager; Harry Dixon, guard.

some flaws that usually go with unseasoned players.

JOHN GARLAND, forward.

To equal the rapid progress John Garland has made during his brief connection with the game would be hard. This clever youngster has shown himself a ready adept at the game. Especially in goal-throwing did he shine, and in this respect he ranks third. Keep eye on this boy, and let it be predicted he will make a name for himself in years to come.

ARTHUR BLAKE, forward.

A consistent player, Blake distinguished himself in almost every department of the game. Hardly a game ended without Blake sharing due honors. An erratic player is of less value than one of Blake's stamp. Occasionally he tried his hand at guard and did splendidly. Like Garland, Blake is but a youngster, and a brilliant future awaits him if he sticks to the game long enough.

MICHAEL GROD, guard

At guard Grod gave Dixon some excellent help in handling the ball. Once he gets hold of the ball there's sure to be some clever passing. Grod and "Indian Harry," with their eagle-eyesight, are masters at pouncing on the ball or getting it out of danger, and catching it on the return and passing it into the hands of others. Grod, however, is below standard as a goal-thrower and is rather lacking in aggressiveness. Naturally enough, such is to be expected of new-comers.

ALFRED BAUMLIN, guard.

Young in years, tall and bulky of proportion, Alfred Baumlin has the making of a football player rather than that of basketball. Nevertheless, in the few games he participated he has shown himself well. Provided that he develops more speed he will in the future distinguish himself much better. For one of 16 Baumlin with his 163 pounds of bone and muscle has lots in store for the future.

BENJAMIN ABRAMS, guard.

This diminutive guard is a very aggressive player. Small, yet strong, he is a match for those his superior in size. Not till near the end of the season was he given a chance to show his worth, and in the five games he took part in he demonstrated that he has the stuff to make a great player. Abrams is but 16,

and like all other newcomers he needs more experience. This will be his in due time.

RECORD

Silent Workers.....	17	Crescents.....	14
Silent Workers.....	23	Trenton Silent Stars..	22
Silent Workers.....	13	Crescents.....	21
Silent Workers.....	22	Leary A. C.....	27
Silent Workers.....	36	Huges A. C.....	19
Silent Workers.....	50	Greenwood A. C.....	7
Silent Workers.....	36	Leary Jrs.....	6
Silent Workers.....	57	Silent Worker Jrs....	20
Silent Workers.....	21	Trenton Silent Stars..	33
Silent Workers.....	29	Monuments.....	14
Silent Workers.....	21	Trenton High School..	44
Silent Workers.....	23	Trenton Silent Stars..	33
Silent Workers.....	53	Olympia A. C.....	6
Silent Workers.....	27	Blackfords.....	14
Silent Workers.....	43	St. Joachin A. C.....	33
Silent Workers.....	36	Tiger A. C.....	6
Silent Workers.....	44	Christ Church.....	40
Silent Workers.....	64	Christ Church.....	18
Silent Workers.....	17	Trenton Silent Stars..	25
Silent Workers.....	40	Silent Worker Jrs....	28

Total 682

430

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

	Games.	Fld.G.	Fl.G.	Pts.
H. Dixon, guard.....	18	100	20	220
S. Eber, centre.....	17	80	14	174
J. Garland, forward.....	17	60	2	122
A. Blake, forward.....	14	42	1	85
M. Grod, guard.....	17	22	2	46
A. Baumlin, guard.....	10	12	1	25
B. Abrams, guard.....	14	5	0	10

Total

321 40 682

Mr. Hanson's Busy Day.

President Hanson, of the National Association of the Deaf, is having a busy time of it. He is erecting buildings at Washington school costing \$10,000; a public school building at Snoqualmie, Wash., costing \$10,000; drawing plans for several private houses. In addition to this, he expects to erect a new \$4,000 house for himself this spring. Then he has been in the thick of the fight in the Oklahoma legislature to get the school classed with the educational institutions, and has had several rounds with the Nebraska legislature which has tried to tag the Omaha school with pure oralism. We consider this some record for one man, and a deaf man at that.—*Kansas Star*.

RANDOM THINKS



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway, New York.

WHILE out for a walk on a recent evening with a hearing friend a lady stepped up to me, and asked what time it was. I told her on the instant. My friend looked surprised and remarked: "Well you didn't hear her question and it is certainly too dark to read the lips of a speaker, how in the world did you know what she asked?" Then I told him one of the many little things we deaf people learn by experience, "tricks of the trade," so to speak, and that was whenever any one comes up and asks you a question with a glance at your watch-chain, haul out your time-piece and announce the hour. It's the safest sort of a safe proposition, for every stranger that asks you what time it is, invariably glances at your watch-chain when the query is put.

One of the best schools for the deaf in this country in its excellent annual report clings to the old custom of differentiating and enumerating the boys and girls with the old and ought-to-be-obsolete "males and females." This designation is coarse, crude and misleading, for it might mean cats, dogs, or horses, whereas there is only one meaning to Boys and Girls. We know beyond any shadow of a doubt what Boys and Girls mean, but there are many species, human and animals, that may properly be designated as males or females.

Cut it out, Mr. Principal!

The season is at hand for the usual commencement exercises at educational institutions, and at many schools for the deaf they still cut the patterns after the old-time worn manner when it comes to the valedictory addresses. They do not differ very much, and the same old-time worn patterns are worked off. The odd part of it that the really deserving workers come in for little or no mention, while the Honorable Gentlemen of the Board of Directors, etc., etc., are told of their sacrificing their lives.

Once I wrote one of these valedictory affairs. I wish I could write another based on 29 years of *after school*.

A deaf minister was ordained the other day and a fellow deaf clergyman in his address remarked: "But after the deaf have left school life and returned to their homes, they sadly miss all the needed aid, and, I am sorry to say, grow careless and indifferent and retrograde.

"How can they help all this? The people with whom they are surrounded and among whom they must live, even their own relatives, cannot converse with them in their language. They have no time, they say, to learn this language, and they are entirely too busy to stop and have written conversation with their deaf friends. It is to be expected of a deaf man or woman so surrounded that he or she will soon become more or less indifferent and regardless of righteousness."

I am afraid this is a very pessimistic view to take, for it stamps a deaf child's education as a failure.

Surely it isn't as bad as that! Besides relatives, friends and others make themselves understood. Of course in cases of extreme

isolation a deaf person might retrograde, but so might a hearing person.

Your New York Base Ball "Fan" buys the Baseball Extra of the evening paper that gives most space to the Eastern League teams, and they want to know mostly what the Buffalo team does, but their interest ends unless they find the name of Luther Taylor on the battery list.

A recruit to the National Association's ranks is a New Yorker who, from the time of his graduation from college a quarter of a century ago, was absolutely lost to his fraters. A social event last winter woke him up to what he has been missing all these years, and now he bids fair to be a valuable missionary in the ranks.

Candidates for the Hall of Fame of out-of-the usual nomenclature:

Pearl Comer,
Mrs. Pancake,
Carl Godenschwager.

In the *British Deaf Times*, Mr. George Frankland tells an interesting story of plays that entirely deaf people will find interest in. Of course all the horse-play, slap-stick comedies are always interesting, and if you know just a little of the plot, and there generally isn't much plot, even the "song successes" like "The Balkan Princess," The "Spring Maid," etc., prove highly diverting. One evening last winter a deaf editorial friend invited me to go and see "A Fool There Was," and I accepted, but when I met him at the theatre that evening I held him up for asking us both to sit through all talk play. He gave me the merry ha-ha and three hours time to change my mind. I changed. Rarely have I witnessed a more thrilling play, nor more tense moments in one than in this play.

However, the deaf go to the play more to enjoy an evening of fun than anything else, and they can get it at any of the Lew Field productions, particularly the Hen-Peck, now on at the Broadway Theatre, and its predecessors, the Midnight Sons, and the Jolly Bachelors.

I had the pleasure of witnessing "Excuse Me" the other evening, and I do not recall any play that I ever witnessed that I enjoyed so much, though of course I knew something of the *motif* and that helped out, but a deaf person knowing absolutely nothing of the plot will enjoy every minute of it, and if he has ever made a long journey in Pullman sleepers and observation cars, he will enjoy it all the more.

When you have the chance, go and see "Excuse Me," and you will not regret it. Another bully good play is "Baby Mine," and if you should not know the first thing about the play, you will enjoy it nevertheless.

I used to say "Nay, Nay" when Grand Opera was suggested to me, but after witnessing three the past season, I have changed my mind, and will go and see every one I get a chance at in future. Hansel and Gretel is very spectacular and is merely a picturesque story of the Babes in the Wood, and when it is followed with Mordkin and Pavlowa, the world's greatest dancers, in a pantomime engaging a hundred people, (The Doll) you have seen something worth while. And even a tragedy like La Tosca, though given with a grand opera dressing, becomes something you will long remember.

NEW YORK

The destruction of Dreamland leaves Luna Park the one big attraction at Coney Island, though Steeplechase Park maintains its prestige as the one Great Resort of Fun.

Ferrari and Bonavita were all ready to re-

place the Bostock Shows, easily the most popular resort for the Deaf, with a trained animal show to eclipse all previous attempts, but Capt. Bonavita was obliged to kill all his animals to save them the worse fate of being burned to death.

Ferrari and Bonavita are not down and out as a result of their great loss, as they have already secured a tent and are giving fine acts.

The best show feature they ever had at either Dreamland or Luna was the "Fire and Flames" spectacle, and if this great performance had been retained up to the present time, I feel quite certain the many old firemen engaged in the show would have saved Dreamland and the 4,000,000 dollars worth of property that went up in smoke.

The destruction of the Iron Pier at Dreamland ends the Iron Steamboat fleet to Steeplechase Pier now, and the landing formerly made at 22nd street is now omitted and nearly all the steamers run through from West 129th street to Coney Island, touching only at Pier 1. This route is far the most popular, for the sail down is a delight while the car ride is very far from comfortable and certainly isn't enjoyable compared with the trip down New York Harbor and out on the Broad Atlantic on the safe, unsinkable, unburnable sea-going steamers of the Iron Steamboat Company's fleet.

Charles Reed Dies Suddenly

Last night at the Reed residence on Naymut street there passed away a much beloved husband and father and for many years a most faithful, hard working servant of Uncle Sam, namely Assistant Postmaster Charles Reed, affectionately known in Menasha as "Charlie."

Mr. Reed attended his duties in the usual faithful and able manner at the postoffice Sunday afternoon, following an arduous night's work of the night before, and since that was not able to return to his work. Upon arriving home he complained of a severe headache and restlessness and after completing the month-end work in connection with his duties as assistant postmaster was unable to enjoy his usual Sunday afternoon walk with his family. Constant application to his work had robbed Mr. Reed of sufficient vitality to resist the pending attack of pneumonia and he passed away peacefully Friday night at 11:30 o'clock recognizing each member of his family before he sank into his final sleep.

Mr. Reed, son of the late Curtis Reed, the founder of Menasha, has been connected with the Menasha postoffice for the past twenty-six years. During the years 1906-'07-'08 and '09, he served as postmaster but before and since that time has been engaged as assistant at the local office. Mr. Reed was famous in the deaf world for his postoffice efficiency and enjoyed the distinction of being the only deaf-mute ever appointed to a presidential office in the United States.

Charles Reed was born in Menasha March 16, 1851, and therefore was 60 years of age, being one of the pioneer residents of this city. He is survived by his wife, one son, Curtis Reed of California, one daughter, and two brothers, City Engineer W. W. Reed of Green Bay and Harrison Reed of California. Up to the time of his recent illness he was hale and hearty and it is claimed by friends and relatives that Mr. Reed was never in need of the assistance of a physician up to the time of the illness which resulted in his death.

The funeral will be held from the residence Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and the pall bearers will be mail carriers, wearing their uniforms and postal clerks. The casket will be draped with the American flag. The flag at the city hall is at half mast today out of respect to the memory of "Charlie" Reed.—Menasha (Wis.) Record, May 11.

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is worth a month's study of books.—Chinese Proverb.

STRAY STRAWS

(Continued from page 197)

In the good old days before the war (Spanish-American) before Bryan ran (in Nebraska we date every thing from the time Bryan ran, just as did certain old fossils date their findings before and after the flood) before the country began to go to the dogs—I was born. I do not recall that there were any astrological disturbances at the time, the heavens being calm; hence it is sometimes rather difficult to attempt to tell where I am at.

Although not American born, I do not swear by any of the kings. Am sometimes tempted to swear *at* the kings, however, when the girls get me tangled up in a game of cards. To prove that I was not meanly born I need only to cite the fact that, although well-to-do, none of my grandsires ever ran over any one with an auto.

Nothwithstanding that, from kilts up, I have always stood in awe of two characters—the policeman and the school ma'm, having been pursued by both in my nightmare, and never



"OLD OCEAN"

citation revised, be it said without unpardonable pride that I have never had my pictures in the Rogues' Gallery.



The Iowa School for the Deaf graduated a fine bunch of girls and boys last June. They are the first pupils to go through the High Class course established in the school last fall, and will enter Gallaudet College, next fall. Their Class Motto was: "Never Give Up," which ought to be an inspiration to them during college days when they may be apt to feel discouraged. The eldest daughter of their teacher also graduated last June from the High School in Council Bluffs and goes to Gallaudet College with them as a Normal student to learn the ins and outs of teaching. Altogether Iowa will be well represented at Gallaudet College the coming year.

E. F. L.

Deaf Printers Preferred

That deaf-mute compositors of New York are making good is shown by the following ad., which appeared in the *New York World* of January 1st:

COMPOSITOR—Boy wanted in printing office who can set straight matter; deaf-mute preferred. Address, stating wages wanted. M. N., 416 World.

It is pleasing to see such an advertisement, even though it is only for an apprentice, as New York is a printer's town, and to have a deaf-mute preferred shows that most of them are able to hold their own in one of most exacting trades. Among our exchanges from the South and West we read of the same preference. It is a regrettable fact, however, that some do not make good and hurt the chances of others. We have one hint to give to applicants for any sort of a position—never over-rate your abilities.—*The Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

In speaking of the great demand for deaf printers we have a word to say ourselves. All of our boys who have graduated from this school (Georgia) are holding down responsible positions in newspaper and job offices and are constantly in demand. Not one has proved inefficient.—*The School Helper*.

We feel sure that the Schools for the Deaf can duplicate the above remarks concerning their graduates who were taught printing while at school. It is unquestionably one of the best occupations for the deaf—especially if they reside in or near a city or a town of any size—and it is a very small town now-a-days that does not support one or more newspaper and job printing offices whose proprietors need and are anxious to obtain well-trained printers—the fact that they are deaf does not seem to act as a bar in the least.

While we are not so fortunate as our Georgia friends in having *all* our deaf printer boys obtain positions, we know that the great majority of our graduates do make good after they leave us and obtain lucrative positions either as pressmen, straight matter and job compositors or linotype operators. Even among those of our pupils who went to Gallaudet College several after graduating again took up printing to earn a livelihood—their collegiate course unquestionably making them more capable and skillful—thus increasing their earning capacities.—*G. in Mt. Airy World*.

Services for Deaf-Mutes at St. Peter's, Jersey City.

Although discontinued for a time, the monthly instruction services for the deaf have been going on regularly the past four months, on each second Sunday, at St. Peter's Church, Jersey City.

Credit for this is due the Rev. Rector of St. Peter's, Edward A. Magrath, S. J., whose interest in the silent people is a matter of many years past. Father Magrath consulted Rev. Father McCarthy, S. J., director of St. Francis Xavier's Mission to the Deaf, of New York city, with the result the meetings have been well attended, and St. Peter's Deaf-Mute Society re-organized, with Thomas Egan, a popular young deaf-mute of Jersey City, president, and Miss Teresa McCarthy, of the Heights section, secretary.

On June 11, at St. Peter's Hall, Grand and Van Vorst streets, the members of St. Peter's Society held a reception, commencing at 3 p.m., and a general invitation to the New Jersey deaf to attend was extended. A program of exercises that appealed to both the hearing and deaf friends of the society was carried out.

While the reception proper was held in St. Peter's Hall, the services in the grand old interior of St. Peter's Church was preceded by a nuptial ceremony, in which the contracting parties were deaf-mutes, and New Jersey deaf-mutes at that.

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worry or nagging. Therefore, if you work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps.—*Ex.*



EDITH UNA LONG

Graduated June 11, 1911, from Council Bluffs
— High School

failing to take a "side-swipe" at them when occasion offers, yet I have never been caught by either.

I am neither a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist, an Arnachist, nor a "Pure-oralist."

My favorite sport is not the game of croquet.

My favorite book is not Bill Nye's History of England.

My favorite poet is neither Nix Waterman nor Max Beerman.

My favorite novel is not "Trilby."

Lastly, and until I have done something worthy of having this authentic chronological



THE FIRST HIGH CLASS OF THE IOWA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Left to right:—Arthur Rosmussen, Grace Evans, Jessie Litzenberg, Florence Hetts, Pearl Pollock, Fern Herrington, Leonard Randall and the teacher J. Schuyler Long.

STRAY STRAWS

By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

KNOW THYSELF

*Reined by an unseen tyrant's hand,
Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,
A quiver at the fierce command
That goads you up the danger hill,
You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!
Grant but an hour of respite—give
One moment to my suffering mind!"*

*I cannot keep the pace and live."
But Fate drives me on and will not heed
The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.
Drives, while you faint upon the road,
Drives, with a menace for a goad;
With fiery reins of circumstance
Urging his terrible advance
The while you cry in your despair,
"The pain is more than I can bear!"
Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,
Plead not to fall from the race—
It is your own Self driving you,
Your Self that you have never known,
Seeing your little self alone.
Your Self, high-seated charioteer,
Master of cowardice and fear,
Your Self that sees the shining length
Of all the fearful road ahead,
Knows that the terrors that you dread
Are pygmies to your splendid strength;
Strength that you have never guessed,
Strength that has never needed rest.
Strength that holds the mastering rein,
Seeing beyond the sweat and pain
And anguish of your driven soul
The patient beauty of the goal!*

*Fighting upon the terror field
Where man and Fate come breast to breast,
Pressed by a thousand foes to yield,
Tortured and wounded without rest,
You cried: "Be merciful, O Life!
The strongest spirit must break
Before this all-unequal strife,
This endless fight for failure's sake!"
But Fate, unheeding, lifted high
His sword, and thrust you through to die.
And then there came one strong and great,*



ONE OF MAC'S DIVERSIONS

*Who towered high over Chance and Fate,
Who bound your wound and eased your pain
And bade you rise and fight again.
And from some source you did not guess
Gushed a great tide of happiness—
A courage mightier than the sun—
Who rose and fought and fighting, won!
It was your own Self saving you,
Your Self no man has ever known,
Looking on flesh and blood alone.
The Self that lives as close to God
As roots that feed upon the sod.
That one who stands behind the screen,
Looks through the window of your eyes—
A being out of Paradise
The Self no human eye has seen,
The living one who never tires,
Fed by the deep eternal fires.
Your flaming Self, with two-edged sword,
Made in the likeness of the Lord.
Angel and guardian at the gate,
Master of Death and King of Fate!*

—By Angela Morgan.

MAC'S MUSINGS are holding the attention of the SILENT WORKERS and bringing forth expressions of admiration accompanied by the natural inquisitiveness of human nature to know who and what he really is.

Accordingly, I asked him very politely if he would please tell me all about himself so



J. H. MACFARLANE

I could tell on him in the SILENT WORKER. He balked for, of course, he is a very modest and unassuming young man. Then I threatened to use my hat-pin on him and also to get the deaf ladies of Omaha to pounce on him with theirs ditto. He was wise enough to see that it was all up with him for, being a *mere man*, he thinks that a lady's hat-pin is her most formidable weapon. Thus it is evident that no "pretty please" from a woman counts with Mac the Muser, but a hat-pin makes him lose his "fighting edge." The result is an "Ought-to-be-ography" by Mac himself, written to edify the SILENT WORKER folks, and yet, at the same time, preserve his maidenly modesty. It is so full of *nots* that a sort of introductory preamble, accompanied by a few pictures of Mac showing some of his "diversions," is necessary.

Some few years ago (he has forgotten how many) Mac, the Muser, was christened John Harvie MacFarlane away up in Ottumwa, Canada, among a colony of fierce Scotch Royalists, who made faces at Uncle Sam. Way back in the years before Mac's ancestors left Bonnie Scotland for the wilds of Canada, they were known as the makers of the famous MacFarlane brand of Scotch whiskey. That is nothing shocking or out of the ordinary, for

where was there ever a Scotchman, or an Englishman, or an Irishman without the "wa drop o' whiskey!"

Being born amid the snows of Canada, with the gay tartan plaid of the clan MacFarlane wrapped around him and the Royalists doing the Highland Fling to the martial strains of the bag-pipes, there is small wonder that John Harvie MacFarlane started to grow up like his brawn Scotch ancestors. In his robust young manhood he came near tipping the scales some where behind two hundred pounds. But fate followed close, and while

"Of stature fair and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did never more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue."

unrelenting Fate laid him low with a touch of blood-poisoning which made a crippled invalid of him for long months until his power of hearing was affected and he became totally deaf. On losing his hearing, his crippled condition disappeared and he regained his health, though never with the same robust strength as before. He attended the Faribault, Minn., School for the Deaf for a short while and then entered Gallaudet College where he finished his education with the class of 1907.

Deafness generally produces a sort of introspective melancholy in most semi-mutes and John Harvie MacFarlane turned to books and religion for comfort. He became deeply enamored of the Muses and followed the Poetic impulse with such fervor that many exquisite bits of verse have come from his pen during moments of fine poetic frenzy.

In looking around for a profession to follow, he hesitated between the ministry and teaching and finally decided on the latter. He accordingly marched with his camera and fountain-pen over to the Nebraska School for the Deaf where he has been teaching and musing for the past four years with pleasing success.

Here is what John Harvie MacFarlane has to say, or rather will *not* tell, about himself:

OUGHT-TO-BE-OGRAPHY

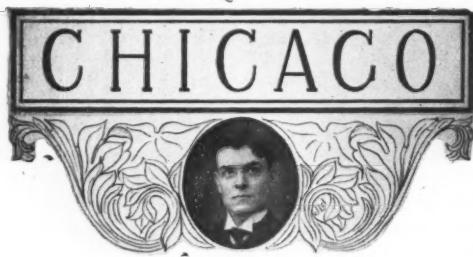
BY MAC

Inasmuch as a GALAXY of the hat-pin BRIGADE have threatened that, if I do not step out where they can get a good look at me; in other words, if I do not prepare my biography of myself as it ought to be; that is, an autobiography, they will lend their assistance, I herewith divulge to the long suffering reader some salient negations heretofore unbeknown Inasmuch, moreover as that eminently wise autobiographer, Benjamin Franklin, says that a man cannot touch as lightly as possible upon the ego, giving the gentle reader a picture of the subject as he is by confiding to him first what the subject is NOT. Having gotten away with the former, I shall probably have used up all the space allotted me by the inexorable law laid down by the great Benjamin, and not being an aspiring congressman, I shall thereupon promptly "turn off the GAS."

(Continued on page 196)



ONE OF MAC'S DIVERSIONS



By F. P. Gibson, Room 1401, Schiller Building.

MERRIMENT was caused in Judge Dever's courtroom to-day when Attorney Henry Walker began talking to the court with his fingers in the deaf and dumb language.

"What's the matter; have you lost your speech?" asked Judge Dever.

The only response that came from the lawyer was the twitching of his fingers as he pointed to a bottle which he placed on the court's bench. The cause of the lawyer's loss of speech. It was later learned, was an operation by which his tonsils were removed. The bottle the attorney placed on the bench contained the tonsils.

Judge Dever was unable to understand the lawyer's sign talk and the latter finally had to resort to pencil and paper. He is counsel for Josie Mason, under indictment for shoplifting, and wanted a continuance in the case for three weeks. The request was granted and the lawyer left the courtroom smiling.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Indications point to the attendance at the Illinois Associations' meetings at Jacksonville June 16 to 19, being well attended and the local committee of arrangements promise a program of unusual interest.

The same may be said of the Michigan meeting, June 19 to 24, at Flint, and Wisconsin's at Oshkosh, June 30 to July 5. A good many Chicagoans are planning to take in one or the other of these meetings, they being held within easy reach of the city promising the presence of some from here at each gathering.

Indiana was to have its reunion this year as well, but it was thought best to postpone it to 1912 so as to convene in the new school buildings which are to be dedicated next fall.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Paris dispatch avers that the doom of oratorical lore is near. Frenchmen demanding that no one shall be allowed to speak in public unless he has a license, and the license is to be granted only if the applicant is able to make good as a speaker. It is calculated that the license system will prevent people from talking loudly in street cars and other railways about their family affairs, or talking during the progress of plays and operas, and from chattering in the libraries of club-houses while other people are reading. If only good speakers are licensed, say the promoters, banquets and public dinners will be a delight, all weather talk will be killed and people who will always and under all circumstances talk about themselves will have to be quiet.

Such a proceeding would probably raise a howl in this country, as being unconstitutional—but it would meet with favor among the self-respecting deaf if it could apply to a certain part of the class.

♦ ♦ ♦

At the recent Child Welfare Exhibit held in this city the local schools for the deaf—public and private—were represented. However, everything was "purely oral" and the dear public still has but the one-sided version of the methods of education employed. On the program for Mother's Day, May 14, was this:

PHILANTHROPY—"How the deaf are taught to Speak," McCowen School for the Deaf.

We were under the impression such work was a part of "Education."



VACATION PLEASURES

If you pass through Chicago enroute to the Delevan convention take in the annual picnic of the Pas-a-Pas Club on July 4th. It will be held at a grove on the lake shore (at Bond Ave. and 79th St.) where Chicago's celebrated lake breeze can be felt in all its glory. No better way of spending a sane Fourth could be offered you.

♦ ♦ ♦

For J. Cooke Howard's scrap book:

NEW YORK, May 27.—Rev. Edgar S. Jackson, pastor of the Episcopal church at Maspeth, L. I., was at luncheon yesterday when the door bell rang and a well-dressed youth entered. The stranger bowed politely and thrust a note into the pastor's hands. The note read:

"Dear Friend—Having recently lost my speech and hearing through a severe attack of scarlet fever, I am trying to obtain money for an education. Kindly give what you can." EDWARD HELCEY.

Rev. Mr. Jackson sent for John G. Godfrey, a neighbor, connected with the bureau of charities and the three started for Brooklyn, where the minister and Mr. Godfrey believed they could interest charitable persons in the unfortunate youth.

While boarding a crowded trolley car at Maspeth, a passenger accidentally stepped on the youth's foot. He regained speech at once and there was a volley of oaths.

Then the minister and Mr. Godfrey took the "deaf and dumb" youth to Newtown police station and charged him with vagrancy. He got two months in the work-house.—*Chicago Journal*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Martin M. Taylor, a well-known Kalamazoo mute, has been appointed by Bishop John N. McCormick of western Michigan, to become lay missionary for this diocese. In this work he will take up the duties

that were left off by the noted Bishop Mann, who died recently in Ohio while on his way to Kalamazoo.

For three years Mr. Taylor has been lay reader in the local society and he is greatly interested in the work of the Episcopal church among the deaf-mutes. His appointment was confirmed recently by the board of missions of the Episcopal church.—*Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette*.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Tellier, of Kalamazoo, Mich., have gone to Holland and will spend about three months in Europe. Mrs. Fred Shotwell, of Rockford, Ill., left for Germany in May and will be gone until September.

♦ ♦ ♦

May 31 I had the good fortune of being able to attend the commencement day exercises of the Indiana School at Indianapolis. It was the first affair of those at my own *alma mater*—the Chicago Day Schools. A graduating class of fourteen was sent out—and the last from the halls of the old school that so many of the Indiana deaf have received their education in during a period extending back over a century. The class of 1912 will go out from the halls of the splendid new school that is to open this fall, and which was described in the April issue of this paper.

That I was interested in the exercises goes without saying—it being a novel as well as pleasant and profitable experience to me. The program was, I suppose, about the same as is usual at such occasions, consisting of essays and recitations, both Manual and oral, by officials of the school, presentation of diplomas, and closing with "The Star Spangled Banner" in signs by the entire class, and a benediction.

To the lover of our language that song, rendered as it was in complete unison and as graceful signs as I have yet seen, and an essay—"A Winter Idyl"—by Miss Ida Clark, one of the class, whose command of signs and ideas of rhythm were all they should be, was a most pleasing indication that the Indiana school has by no means lost its interest in the language of the class whose education it is guiding.

An oral essay by a young man of 19 who lost his hearing at 16 seemed to be the "hit" of the day with those who could hear. In parenthesis, I wonder if his ability in that line was credited as it should be—to the fact he lost his hearing so recently, instead of to artificial speech or oral instruction—by those who applauded his essay.

♦ ♦ ♦

To THE SILENT WORKER staff I wish a pleasant and profitable vacation. May October find us all back on the job with reminiscences galore of the good old summertime.

Commencement

We stand on the edge of the "used-to-be,"
And our hearts are thrilled
As our thoughts are filled—

With the rushing of cherished memory,—
With the mingling of pain and victory,
Before us troop the times now past,

And filled with a purpose always true,
Which pointed us on to a day in June,
And closed in a day that has come too soon!
We pause on the edge of the "yet-to-be,"

And our souls are stirred

As we hear the word—
That closes school life for you and me,
That bars our vanished "used-to-be."

In the "afterwhile" our lives will grow,
Apart in work and widened aim;

But memories dear will keep aglow,
And bind us together as then the same,

They will take us back to a day in June
When our hearts and the world pulsed out one
tune!

"OCCASIONAL"...

National Association of the Deaf

THE question of selecting a place for the next convention is now before the Executive Committee.

The offers that have been made by different cities seeking the Convention are given here-with:

ATLANTA

Although Atlanta has written her invitation to the Association to meet there, it will not be out of place to state the inducements that were offered in order that it may go on record.

At the Colorado Springs convention a neatly printed little booklet was freely distributed by the Southern delegates, containing invitations to meet in Atlanta, from which the following extracts are made:

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

GREETING:—The Silent Folk of the South have never had the pleasure of entertaining the National Convention, but crave that privilege in 1913.

Atlanta, the capital and commercial center of the greatest southern commonwealth opens her hearts, homes and hospitalities to you. Here has been builded a city that challenges the admiration of all visitors, compels the attention of all investors, and charms every guest who come within its magic borders.

The sun-land, the song-land the south-land invites you to the witchery of the magnolia, the bay and the fleecy fields, come but once within the spell and all silent lips will sing the praises that speech seems inadequate to express.

We present you with the Convention sign and pass word

1913 Atlanta 1913

With earnest hope that we may greet you here,
THE ATLANTA DEAF.

The Mayor of Atlanta, under date of June 20th, 1910, extends the following official invitation:

In behalf of all the people of the City of Atlanta, I invite your Association to hold its next Triennial Convention in Atlanta.

In connection with the invitation I may say that the City of Atlanta has recently completed the construction of a large auditorium. This building is amply equipped with commodious committee rooms, and the entire building will be gladly placed at your disposal.

I earnestly hope that, in selecting the place for your next convention, you will give Atlanta the most serious consideration, as our people will be most delighted to have your convention meet here, and will give all your delegates a cordial and hospitable welcome.

Yours very truly,
ROBT. F. MADDOX, Mayor.

GEORGIA STATE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

ATLANTA, GA., July 6, 1910.
President National Association of the Deaf:

On behalf of the Georgia Association of the Deaf, I extend to the National Association of the Deaf a cordial invitation to hold its next convention in the beautiful and enterprising city of Atlanta.

The Association has never yet held a meeting in the real South—the land of cotton, possum and sweet 'taters. Atlanta, young, hustling, and ambitious is, next to New Orleans, the chief metropolis of the South, and well worth a trip across the continent to see. Come and get acquainted with the South and her people. A more warm hearted and progressive people can be found no where than in the city of Atlanta. And they are true blue Americans—every one of them.

They will give you a genuine, old fashioned wel-

come, and every one knows what that means.

Yours truly,
S. H. FREEMAN,
President.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Secretary.

ATLANTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

June 20, 1910.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF,

Colorado Springs, Colo.

GENTLEMEN:—The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, representing the substantial and progressive business interests of the city, takes great pleasure in extend-



OLOF HANSON
President of the N. A. D.

ing to your honorable body a cordial invitation to hold its next meeting here.

Atlanta is a beautiful city, in the heart of the most progressive region in the South, and visitors have ample facilities for seeing the city and its environment, as we have a more extensive street car system than any other city in the United States for the same population.

If this invitation is accepted we are sure you will enjoy your stay and you will have no reason to regret the selection of Atlanta as your place of meeting.

Yours very truly,
FREDERIC J. PAXON, President,
WALTER G. COOPER, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

ATLANTA, GA., June 21, 1910.

To the National Association of the Deaf:—It gives me great pleasure to join others in extending you a very cordial invitation to hold your next meeting in Atlanta, the capital city of the State of Georgia.

I am quite sure that if you should accept the invitation you would receive a very cordial Southern welcome and find your stay an exceedingly pleasant one.

Respectfully,
JOSEPH M. BROWN, Governor.

ATLANTA DIVISION NO. 28, N. F. S. D.

National Association of the Deaf:—In behalf of the Atlanta Division No. 28, N. F. S. D., we cordially extend you an invitation to hold your next convention in our beautiful and progressive city, in the real heart of the South. Come and see what our beautiful Southland is.

You can rest assured we will do our utmost to make the next convention a success, and that you will find a warm Southern welcome awaiting you.

Respectfully,

L. B. DICKERSON,
I. H. MARCHMAN,
W. E. GHOLDSTON,
Committee.

The booklet closes with a hearty poem by L. F. Schaffer, setting forth the beauty, coolness, and other advantages of Atlanta as a convention city.

ATLANTA, GA., March 26, 1911.
MR. OLOF HANSON, President N. A. D.,
SEATTLE, WASH.

MY DEAR MR. HANSON:—President Freeman of the Georgia Association of the Deaf has referred your letters of March 12th to me for reply.

At the closing hours of the last convention the Atlanta and Georgia deaf made a verbal offer pledging themselves to raise \$1,500.00, and to work for an attendance and membership of 2000. Rev. Michaels backed this up pledging himself to raise another \$1,500.00 in the other Southern states, thus making a total of \$5,000.00. I may add that there is not the least doubt that it would have been raised.

The above will cover your inquiries, I think, and will convince you that Atlanta's invitation was genuine and bona fide.

Very truly yours,
MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Sec., G. A. D.

The Tennessee Association of the Deaf, which met in Knoxville in September, passed resolutions endorsing Atlanta. A number of letters favoring the same city were also received last fall.

The above concerning Atlanta is cited that it may go on record, as well as for the information of those who were not present at the Convention. That our Southern friends were very much in earnest in their desire for the Convention admits of no question. Their action in withdrawing their invitation is to be regretted, but as they have done so, and for reasons which to them seemed sufficient, the matter need not be discussed further.

OMAHA

Mr. W. H. Rothert presented the claims of Omaha at the Convention in Colorado Springs.

In response to a request for a statement as to the definite offers made the following telegram, which was sent to Mr. Rothert at Colorado Springs, has been forwarded:

OMAHA, NEB. Aug. 10, 1910.
W. H. ROTHERT:

National Convention for the Deaf,
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Commercial Club of Omaha extends cordial invitation to your organization to meet in Omaha, 1913. Will guarantee best of entertainment, place of meeting free, badges, souvenirs, auto, trolley rides, etc. Our publicity department will co-operate spending all money necessary to advertise meeting, secure largest attendance possible, furnish headquarters for officers, etc.

COMMERCIAL CLUB OF OMAHA.
WILL A. CAMPBELL, Manager.

The Omaha deaf have out literature setting forth the advantages of Omaha as a convention city.

A number of letters favoring Omaha have been received, and will be presented later as discussion. This merely presents the offers made by the city.

THE SILENT WORKER

ABERDEEN, SO. DAK.

At the Colorado Springs Convention Mr. C. H. Loucks received and read a telegram from Citizens of Aberdeen offering \$500.00 as an entertainment fund in case the Convention should come to Aberdeen.

Under date of April 12th, Mr. Loucks writes as follows, in reply to a request for definite information:

The City of Aberdeen has given me permission to double the amount of bid that I made for her at Colorado Springs, but in the interest of harmony the deaf of the state think it best to withdraw from this race.

Accordingly I hereby withdraw Aberdeen's offer.

Thanking you for the opportunity to present Aberdeen's offer and wishing you the best of success, I am

Yours truly,
CHAS. H. LOUCHS.

ST. LOUIS

The invitation from St. Louis was presented at Colorado Springs by Rev. Mr. Cloud.

A request for definite information as to the offers made was mailed March 12th, but no reply has yet been received.

OTHER CITIES

The claims of other cities will be presented in the next number of the *Journal*. Discussion will follow, and ample time will be given for the presenting the advantages of each contestant before a vote is taken by the Executive Committee.

OLOF HANSON, Chairman Ex. Com.
SEATTLE, May, 1911.

BUFFALO

A letter from the Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' Club offers a free convention hall, and this is practically the only inducement offered aside from the general attractions of the city.

Mrs. Gertrude E. M. Nelson has written considerably in favor of the city and has endeavored to enlist the interest of prominent citizens, but no specific proposition except that above mentioned has been received.

Aside from Mrs. Nelson, no interest in the convention has been shown by the deaf of Buffalo.

CLEVELAND ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 30, 1911.

MR. A. L. RORERTS,

FRIEND—I brought the matter in your recent letter before the C. A. D. at our meeting Saturday night. The sentiment of the members was that we guarantee the N. A. D. no stated sum, but that the N. A. D. will have a very good place in which to hold their meeting. The management of the Y. M. C. A. will allow the N. A. D. the use of their magnificent dining room. I also believe that the Chamber of Commerce has tendered Mrs. Bates the use of their auditorium. The C. A. D. likewise pledges itself to see that the visitors have a good time generally and will raise a sufficient sum for entertainment. Mrs. Bates is an adept in getting concessions of various kinds, so we expect to be able to give a sufficiency of entertainment without the expenditure of a large sum of money.

Cleveland has many good attractions besides its comparative coolness in summer.

Yours sincerely,
C. R. NEILLIE, Secretary.
4317 E. Coy St., Cleveland, O.

CLEVELAND

The above letter, which was received through Mr. Roberts, of Kansas, is all that has been received from the Cleveland deaf, and no further interest has been shown.

I am informed that one reason for the apparent lack of interest is the unauthorized statement made that the N. A. D. would demand a guarantee fund of \$2,000.00. As

has been stated already in these columns, no such demand has been or will be made.

MINNEAPOLIS

MINNEAPOLIS ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
Organized 1880. Incorporated May 14, 1909.

Meetings on second and fourth Thursdays.
Officers: H. L. Williams, Pres., Minnie Hauberg, Vice Pres.; Jens Hansen, Sec.; Mrs. Fred Brant, Tres.

Ex. Com. W. R. Williams, A. R. Spear, Jens Hansen, L. P. Dane, Mrs. F. Brant, J. S. S. Bowen, Fred Brant.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 27, 1910.

MR. OLOF HANSON, President of the N. A. D.,
Downs Block, Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—The Minneapolis Association of the Deaf begs to extend invitation to the N. A. D. to hold its next convention in the City of Minneapolis.

We do not make any promise as to the exact amount of money we will guarantee for the entertainment of the delegates, but we will raise all the money necessary to entertain the convention in proper style. Our reputation and standing guarantees that we will leave nothing to be desired in the way of caring for the delegates.

The next convention of the N. A. D. will be important in many respects and it is essential that it should not be held in some obscure inaccessible hole-in-the-wall, but in one of our great central cities where a representative attendance may be assured.

Minneapolis possesses all the advantages, is open to no objection and is the only city we know of suitable for the convention and capable of entertaining the delegates in proper style.

Your committee cannot do better than to get a move on and set the harmony ball rolling by selecting Minneapolis as the city for the next convention of the N. A. D.

Advise us promptly and we will do the rest.

Respectfully,
JENS HANSEN,
Secretary.

The above is all that has been received from Minneapolis.

KALAMAZOO.

CITY OF KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.
Office of the Mayor.

MR. OLOF HANSON,
Seattle, Wash.

MY DEAR SIR:—Mr. Martin Taylor of this city, who is Secretary of the Mid-West Association of the Deaf, is using his best endeavor to have the next national association meet in Kalamazoo. I understand that there are several other cities that would be glad to entertain you and for that reason I would like to urge the claims of Kalamazoo.

In the first place, Kalamazoo is very centrally located, being only three hours' ride from Chicago. We are situated in the midst of a beautiful agricultural country, have first class hotel facilities, numerous educational and industrial institutions that will prove interesting to your members. Kalamazoo is a thriving city of 40,000 inhabitants, every one of whom would be glad to greet your members and would do their utmost to make your convention the success that I have no doubt it would be were you to come here.

As we are located about midway between the Great Lakes, numerous side-trips could be arranged at very little expense, so taken altogether, we feel confident that your association will make no mistake if it brings its next convention to our city.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. H. FARRRELL, Mayor.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN, Jan. 3, 1911.

OLOF HANSON, President National Ass'n of the Deaf,
709 2nd. Ave., Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—It has come to our knowledge through the Secretary of the local Association, Mr. Martin H. Taylor, that the place for holding the next National Convention will be decided by a committee of which you are the chairman.

The Commercial Club, representing the principal commercial and civic interests of our city, with a membership of four hundred, wish to extend to the members of your association an invitation to meet with us in 1913, and should you favor us with an acceptance of this invitation, we promise you our assistance in every way possible in making the meeting one of both pleasure and profit.

Our transportation facilities are unsurpassed by any city in the Central West, we having four trunk lines, namely, the Michigan Central, Pennsylvania Central, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Grand Trunk. These trunk lines with their connections represent a mileage of 40,000 miles.

Our hotel accommodations are ample both in high-class and in medium. We have pleasant auditoriums, (one sufficient for your purposes will be furnished gratis) and besides this, we have in our city 45 deaf-mutes who will have the support of our entire population of 45,000, who will be on hand to offer such greetings and entertainment as may be desired.

Trusting you may give the consideration we think we deserve, we are,

Yours most respectfully,
The Commercial Club,
J. D. CLEMENT, Sec'y.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Jan. 5, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. HANSON:—A copy of the *Gazette* we mailed you the other day, containing an item in reference to the next meeting of the N. A. D., of which you are the honorable president. Also the mayor and secretary of the Commercial Club were requested to write you an invitation. I trust you will give their letters and enclosures due consideration. Without trespassing upon the columns of the deaf press we have worked quietly and unostentatiously to lay the advantages of our city before the Executive Committee by mail.

Being Secretary of the Mid-West Association of the Deaf this letter inviting you to investigate the claims of Kalamazoo as a first class convention place is official and bears the endorsement of the board of Managers called in special session on the 31st day of Dec., 1910.

The Kalamazoo Society of the Deaf also authorized me in conjunction with the Mid-West Association to write you.

Enclosed herewith is a copy of a letter which the Secretary of the Commercial Club wrote Editor Hodgson. A copy has also been mailed to Messrs. Regensburg, Allabough, Fox, and Gibson.

Look at the map and you will not fail in your estimation of the number of visitors that will swarm to Kalamazoo.

Very respectfully yours,
MARTIN N. TAYLOR.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Jan. 3, 1911.

EDWIN A. HODGSON,
Station M., New York City.

DEAR SIR:—An editorial in a recent number of your paper has just been shown us, in which you recommend Atlanta, Ga., as the next place for holding the Triennial Convention.

We presume that at the time of writing you had never considered the advisability or the advantages of holding this convention in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Situated in the Middle West, having four Trunk lines of railroad with a mileage of 45,000 miles with plenty of first-class hotel accommodations at reasonable rates, lying in the beautiful valley of the Kalamazoo River, our educational institutions consisting of Kalamazoo College, Western State Normal, Nazareth Academy for girls, Barber Hall for boys, LeFevre Institution, Public School, Manual Training Schools, Public Schools with fifteen buildings and a large corps of teachers, three business colleges, three art schools, and numerous musical institutions and private schools, we feel that the delegates could be thoroughly interested in this direction.

Besides this we are a manufacturing center, having at this time 228 regularly inspected factories, manufacturing a very diversified line of products,

and our citizens stand ready to assist them in entertaining this convention in the characteristic Kalamazoo manner which has gained for us so enviable a reputation.

Trusting you will withdraw your recommendation of Atlanta exclusively, and suggest to this committee that they consider our city, we are

Most respectfully yours,
The Commercial Club,
J. D. CLEMENT, Secretary.

P. S.—We are enclosing you under separate cover a copy of "The Lure of Kalamazoo."

In addition to the above, a number of letters, circulars and newspaper clippings have been received indicating that the convention has been well advertised, and considerable interest aroused, not only among the deaf but also among the hearing people. A small place has some advantages as a convention city in that the delegates are apt to receive better consideration and more attention than in a large city where they are lost sight of. The attentions shown us at Colorado Springs were certainly all that could be desired.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY PUBLICITY BUREAU,

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 16, 1911.

MR. O. H. REGENSBURG, Secretary,
National Congress of the Deaf.

DEAR SIR:—I would like to obtain your next convention for Atlantic City and trust that at the proper time and place you will take favorable action upon this, our hearty invitation.

Our resort is an ideal convention city and its attractions are unsurpassed anywhere, while its hotel accommodations are practically unlimited, being the most modern and reasonable of any similar place in the world. Our railway facilities are the best in the United States, being only one hour's ride from Philadelphia and three from New York city. Transportation can be arranged for at as low rates as any point in the country. We would have no trouble whatever in taking the best of care of the delegates who attend your convention, and the bureau will give all possible assistance desired without any expense to you for its services.

This invitation is extended not only by the Bureau of Publicity but also on behalf of the Atlantic City Hotel Men's Association and the Atlantic City Business League.

Should Atlantic City be favored with your next meeting please so advise us, and, if desired, I will be happy to co-operate in making it a success to all interested.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE S. LEAHART,
Secretary-Director.

The above is all that has been received from Atlantic City. It is evidently simply a business proposition, and the deaf do not seem to have any hand in the invitation. It shows that a convention is a desirable thing for a city from a purely business standpoint.

This matter of a convention city is now open for discussion until further notice. Several letters have been received already, which will be used in later issues of the *Journal*.

It will be advisable to consider the question "informally," by discussing it until the matter is fully understood. A motion will then be in order to select one place or another for the convention, and then a vote will be taken. Ample time will be given for representation of all important points, but discussion must be brief, and if too long only essential points will be published.

OLOF HANSON,
Chairman Ex. Com.
SEATTLE, May 15, 1911.

A slow lethargic turtle,
With nothing in this world to do
But sit and dream the whole day thro',
Or lie upon some mossy log
And idly gossip with a frog;
Or dwell within some shady pool,
Amid the reeds and rushes cool,
And know no matter what befell,
I'd but to draw within my shell
And let the whole world go to ——"

Well, I'm a turtle — I've turned turtle—quite a nice cool-rested unresponsive, non-hustling, don't-care-a-continental turtle! Its great! Try it, ye nerve frazzled fraternity! Your tribulations will fall from you like a kimona. First shed the city from your system, then take the following prescription:—"Two or three big hills,"—administered either before or after meals, and washed down with a "gurgling" streamlet—the lovely historic Ohio preferred—inflate your lungs to the limit with the ozone that is free to the "poorest comer" hereabouts. Pump up your soul to encompass the majesty and mystery of the uplifting horizon. Forget things. Now you feel better already. "The city"—ninety, safe verdant miles away—for a little while anyway. The Monument and the Capitol are soothingly out of sight. The "honk" of the automobile is deliciously dumb. The clang of the trolley is but a feverish dream. This is rest and "rusticity," with the rusty city blotted far out of the picture. This is "The Valley of Delight," a region of exquisite loveliness, vibrant with history. The "Welkin" (I suppose there is a Welkin some where around) is athrob with the ghost of martial echoes of the long, long ago. It is all like a faraway dream, those

"Old forgotten far-off things
And battles long ago."

And this is a "dream" country. Thro the mist and the mellowness of the ages that have "drowsed" away since then. It seems strange that all those dim traditions could ever have been true; that these sleepy old hills should ever have been wakened by "bugle blasts." A few undulant miles away where one may lie down in the "green pastures," blissfully, except for the "chiggers" and be led along "still waters" on halcyon trails, is a wonderful spring, that has been the focus for a great resort—almost since Adam and Eve were in the best society. In "Ante bellum" days, Clay and Webster and all that "bunch" used to come in stage coaches, post chaise and all that ilk. And here folks still drift and dream and make the chicken fly!—It's "rester."

"OCCASIONAL."

"DIXIE LAND," June, 1911.

The Rule of Three

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to admire—power, gracefulness and dignity.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and fliprant jesting.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and affection.

Three things to love—purity, truthfulness and honor.

Three things to be—brave, gentle, loving. —*The Pilgrim*.

Who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—*Dante*.

Is over. The books are closed for some with finality. Another advance along the educational highway has passed into History. Soon all will have departed along their several ways and pleasures. The joys, the sorrows of the School year, pass from the real into the backward glancing realm of dreams. To some the parting that comes at this time is tinged with real regret; to others it evidences a decided relief; of the two a logical choice would not be difficult of selection. It is always an easy matter after opportunities are gone and fortune has knocked at your door without answer to fill one's mind with vain regrets for the things that "might have been," the good that might have been accomplished and the wrongs that might not have been done. Experience is a valuable teacher. To some she is kind; to others a stern and strict taskmaster. But the days of our re-trial are past, even the hours of our glory grow dim in hazy memory. The time has come to say good-bye. To some it is merely "*Au revoir*"; to others the parting is one of finality. Sensationalists tell us that school friendships are the most lasting and enduring of any that are made. The care-free geniality, friendly rivalry and jovial comradeship inspire a closer bond of union than the more commonplace things, an existence already too commonplace by convention and custom, and are we saying good-bye to all of this? Some of us, for all time? How deep the feeling, how sincere the regret can be evidenced only by the sudden tightening of the heart-strings, the sharp intake of the breath, the stubborn mist that rises unbidden to the eyes, as the mysterious lump ascends until one has to swallow tremendously to keep from losing it entirely. There is one thing that must be remembered strictly in our future dealings with ourselves and our fellows, brief suggestion as to the reality and necessity, and we shall extend our hand for the parting clasp. Each one of us who goes out from school, be it on a vacation or be it graduation, represents his own immediate sphere and that of the School, its customs, its ideals, its principles, as truly as the good disciple, Matthew, applied the proverb—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Can we assert that the School is known by the representatives it sends forth—the stamp is upon us all. Let us see that we bear ourselves in a manner worthy of the honor!

An all too uncompromisingly critical public is waiting to attach a stigma wherever the slightest opportunity may be offered. And so as we make our final adieux to the school and its connections and advance into a broader field of activity let us not forget our "Alma Mater" in the hurry and bustle of frenzied existence. It is a duty we owe! We believe we are not sacriligious when we say a *sacred duty*, to bear ourselves as true and worthy representatives. See that you deserve the title.

"Lord God of hosts be with us yet—
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

"OCCASIONAL."

The prosperity of a nation depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but on the number of its cultivated citizens, on its men of education and character. Here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.—*Martin Luther*.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.—*Locke*.

The Brotherhood of Man

(Continued from page 182)

schools and academies for the hearing. This is fraud, pure and simple. Do the oralists repudiate such preposterous claims made for their method? They do not. The fact is that the oral movement profits by all these frauds and misrepresentations, inasmuch as the general public are easily misled. Truer word was never spoken than when P. T. Barnum said that the American people liked to be humbugged. But suppose the tables were turned. Suppose all the fraud and misrepresentation and exaggeration set against oralism. Maybe then the oral advocates who sit silent so complacently, would awake to action and protest against the injustice that was being done to their cause.

When Thomas Jefferson wrote that immortal statement that man is entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," did he intend to bar out the deaf? Are the deaf to be denied those inalienable rights? It would seem so when laws are passed affecting their welfare without giving them a chance to protest. When intolerant theorists decide all questions affecting the education and happiness of the deaf without consulting them. The arrogance of the ultra oralist is superb. He knows that oralism is the only method, that the sign-language is an abomination. To be sure, he knows nothing of the sign-language itself; he has little or no knowledge of the life of the deaf out in the world. What of that? He knows he is right, simply because he is *he*.

We deaf people have a right to seek happiness in our own way, as long as we do not interfere with the happiness of others. But alas for humanity! There are too many people in this world who do not wish other people to be happy unless it is in their particular pet way. And there seem to be many people who do not wish the deaf to be happy unless it is in the oral way. Our sign-language injures no one. It interferes with no one's rights. It is our greatest source of instruction and happiness. It is "the tie that binds" us into brotherhood. To try and deprive us of it against our will is an act of oppression that is not only an offense against the principle of personal liberty, but is also an unchristian act. The people who assail it do not understand it and cannot appreciate it. They condemn it unheard. Such a trampling upon human rights lead to revolution. It led to the English Revolution, the French Revolution, the American Revolution, and it has led the resistance to tyranny in all ages.

It is essential that the deaf realize the claims of brotherhood, the need of standing together. We must get together and stick together. In every city, in every state, we must form associations and organize to fight for our rights. As we have been assailed in Nebraska, so we may be assailed in other states. Misrepresentation and exaggeration are booming the cause of oralism throughout the country. Deaf impostaers are going about placing an undeserved stigma upon our class. Are we to sit supine and allow such things to be done. Never! It is true that we are comparatively few in numbers. But wrong cannot always triumph. Right must ultimately prevail. And if we respond to the call of brotherhood, if we stand shoulder to shoulder, directing all our energies toward the same end, we may, like that phalanx of old, win our way to victory at last through the ranks of the opposition.

The Deaf and Blind of Korea

(Continued from page 185)

some other prominent Pyeng Yang men interested in educational matters. My rooms were crowded with an interested and enthusiastic company, and quite unsolicited the native gen-

tlemen handed in their cards with promise of nearly fifty yen for the work.

From the first it has seemed to me best for the blind girls to be taught together with the seeing girls, and mingle in their games. The reason for large institutions for the blind and deaf lies in the fact that for so many years they were neglected—left out of the race altogether—and philanthropists, at first thought, brought them together in special institutions. But this is *not* essential; in fact is detrimental. For even though a special teacher be added to a school staff here and there for the beginners, the expense would be much less than the support of special institutions—the blind or deaf child would be kept in touch with other children, which is of great advantage. To illustrate, three of our blind girls finished the work of the lower school two years ago together with three seeing girls, having used in "Point" the same text books and having had the benefit of whatever had been taught the seeing girls with but little more tax upon the teachers. The oldest of the three, Pongnai O (baptized "Prudence"), remains in the school to teach the new girls and to help the seeing teachers with the other blind pupils who are now scattered in threes and fours through all the grades of the lower school. The two younger girls, Pauline Yi and Fanny Chyo, entered the Union Academy, where their work compares favorably with their more fortunate school-mates. Mrs. Moffet, M.D., who teaches them physiology, reports them among her very best pupils.

Beside the work already provided for we need as follows:

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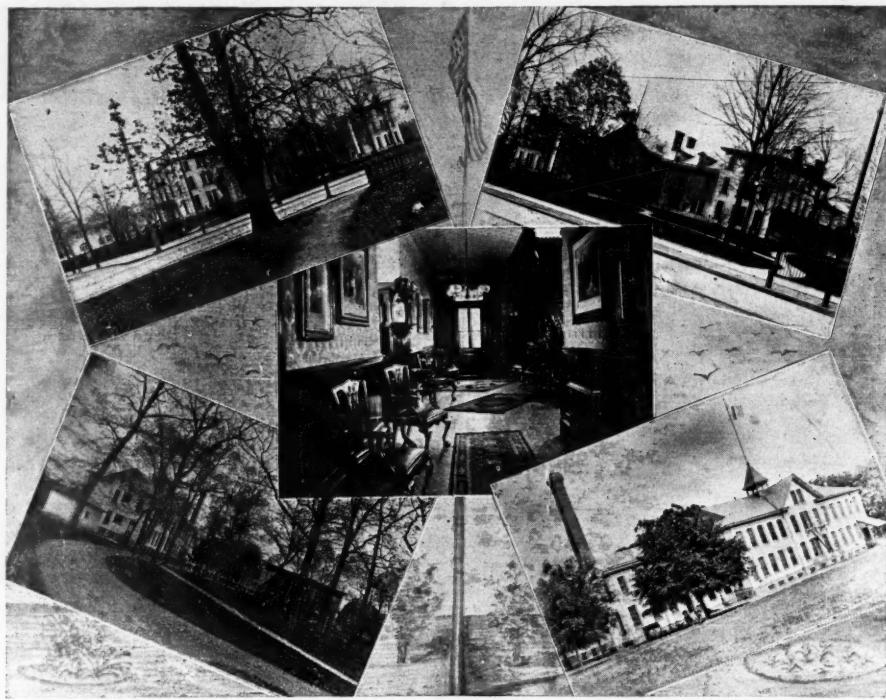
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